EIGHT-BOOK SERIES

# BROOKS'S READERS

## FIFTH YEAR

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

405

Gerald Gill

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THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

(See page 85.)

EIGHT-BOOK SERIES

# BROOKS'S READERS

## FIFTH YEAR

BY

STRATTON D. BROOKS

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

## DAFFYDOWNDILLY AND MR. TOIL

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he was like a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

Those who knew him best said that this Mr. Toil was a very good man; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world.

Yet Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly face for all little boys or big men who liked to be idle. His voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly.

The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a birch rod in his hand. Unless a lad chose to attend to his book, he had

no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"I can't bear this any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly. He had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man who was walking slowly along the road. "Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike for Mr. Toil. He was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with some one of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he accepted the stranger's offer, and they walked on together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass. He thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long. But, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us."

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster," answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man,

who seemed to be the owner of the field. He had stripped off his coat, and was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone.

Now, strange to say, the face of this old farmer was the same as that of old Mr. Toil.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his who is a farmer. People say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. He won't trouble you unless you become a laborer on his farm." Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil.

The two travelers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were building a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window sashes; and he could not help thinking that

he should like to take a broad-ax, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, in fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" said he. "There he is again."

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he is overseeing the carpenters. It is my old schoolmaster."

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man with a carpenter's rule. This person went about the house, marking out the work that was to be done, and continually urging the other carpenters to be diligent.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydown dilly. "But if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

They made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music, that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he were only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never dare to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom. And turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a long sword in his hand.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away."

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he is a very severe fellow; but we need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger went on their journey. By and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. I am sure we shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again, but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod.

"O dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his who is a fiddler. He generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure. But his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly to the stranger. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages. But wherever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil.

"Oh, take me back! — take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is — there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had

traveled in a circle, instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil. The poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

Some people who have heard little Daffydowndilly's story believe that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and that he could change himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward he was always diligent at his task, because he had found out that diligence is no more toilsome than sport or idleness.

And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approval made his face almost as pleasant as that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

## WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

When the little boy ran away from home,
The birds in the tree tops knew,
And they all sang "Stay!"
But he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the wind came whispering from the tree,
"Follow me — follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day — that day
When the little boy ran away.

The violet whispered, "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see:
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me!"
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee
Said, "Follow me — follow me!"
And the wind called the clouds from their home in the skies,
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"
That day — that day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the wind played leap-frog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;
And all the rivers and all the rills,
Were foaming mad with him!
And it was dark as darkest night could be,
But still came the Wind's voice, "Follow me!"
And over the mountain and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices with "Follow him, follow!"
That awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the little boy cried, "Let me go — let me go!"
For a scared, scared boy was he!
But the thunder growled from the black cloud, "No!"
And the wind roared, "Follow me!"
And an old gray Owl from a tree top flew
Saying, "Who are you-oo? Who are you-oo?"
And the little boy sobbed, "I'm lost away,
And I want to go home where my parents stay!"
Oh! the awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the Moon looked out from the cloud and said,
"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle-bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"

And the little boy promised — and cried and cried —
He would never leave his mother's side;
And the Moonlight led him over the plain,
And his mother welcomed him home again,
But oh! what a day
When the little boy ran away!

— ANONYMOUS.

## THE BOY POET

A BOY was plowing in a field one day near his home on his father's farm in New England. Back and forth he drove the patient oxen, leaving a clean-cut furrow of the upturned earth behind him which curled over like the crest of a wave.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S HOME.

He wore a battered straw hat, pulled so far down that it almost hid his face; but the brim was torn, and through it one could catch a glimpse of brown tanned cheeks, red lips, and laughing eyes. The boy

was barefooted, and his trousers were rolled up to his knees.

As he drove near the edge of the field, his bright eyes kept a sharp lookout for some of the treasures which he knew were hidden in the grass or on the vines that clambered over the tangled thicket.

There were clumps of wild strawberries, half hidden in their own crinkled leaves. There were clusters of blackberries ready to burst with spicy, crimson juice. Every now and then he would cease the merry tune he was whistling, stop the plow, and run to pick a handful of berries. After he had eaten them he would come back to his work, and take up the tune just where he had left it.

In the wood near by, a little brook ran, singing to itself as it rippled under the shadows of the trees upon its banks. The boy loved its song and was always glad when he could guide his slow plow through the turf that lay within hearing of its sound.

As he trudged along he was thinking of the happy hours that he had spent in the woods. One day just as he had climbed to the top of a tree by the brook, he heard the splash of a mink fishing downstream. He parted the branches to see

if he could catch a glimpse of the sharp-nosed little hunter.

When the leaves were pushed away he found himself looking into a robin's nest. There lay five blue eggs, a handful of sky-colored jewels. He picked them up, one by one, admired their beauty, and laid them softly back, almost holding his breath for fear of doing harm to the little life within.

Oh, how well he knew the dear out of doors and how much he loved it! But there was something else the barefoot boy loved just as well, and that was poetry. He could make verses himself, and he strove to put into rhyme his thoughts about the out-door world.

Some day he meant to write about a favorite nook by the brookside where walnut trees grew, and squirrels with ruddy tails scolded him when he shook the nuts from the trees. Sometime he would tell why the quail says, "Bob White," and how the robin came to have a red breast.

He was thinking so hard about all these things that he did not notice how long the shadows were growing. Suddenly he heard his sister calling the cows, and then he remembered that it was time to go home for his supper.

After all the work had been finished that night, the boy sat on the doorstep of his home, eating bread and milk out of a wooden bowl. The sky overhead was glowing with the purple and gold of sunset. Even the croaking of the frogs sounded like music in his ears.

As the light faded from the sky, and the stars and fireflies came twinkling out together, the boy made himself a promise that he would one day be a poet. And this promise was kept so well that there is hardly any one in all this broad land that has not read some of the poems of John Greenleaf Whittier.

—Bertha F. Gordon.

## THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan
With thy turned up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy!
I was once a barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And how the ground mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine;
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay.

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,

Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;

Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked to me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond.

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy, if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy, if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## LIFE

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, brave heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

## A LAND OF MOUNTAINS

THE first thing that one notices in Switzerland is a high, wild, and very beautiful mountain range. Its lower slopes are covered with vineyards, orchards, wheat fields, and meadows, with pleasant villages in every valley.

Higher up we see green forests of oak and walnut, then tall dark pines and firs. After this we find low shrubs full of bright flowers, and green pastures with herds of cows and goats, feeding upon them. Higher still are the tall, sharp peaks covered with ice and snow, and glittering in the sunshine like diamonds.

Bright streams flow through the pleasant green valleys, leaping over steep rocks in waterfalls, some of which are so high that the water in falling changes into spray or mist. Sometimes the streams go leaping and dancing into hollows among the moun-

tains and make beautiful lakes that smile in the sunshine and reflect the snowy peaks above them, or the green forest around them.

The peasants, who have their little farms on the mountains, own many cattle, sheep, and goats. In

the spring. as soon as the snow is gone, the men go with their cows away up to the high mountain pastures. There they stay until the snow comes again in the autumn, living in small straw-roofed cottages, making cheese, and having hardly anything to eat except milk and cheese.

It is a very merry time when the cows go to the

pastures in the spring. The whole village to which the herdsmen belong has a holiday, and their friends go with them part of the way up the mountain, shouting and singing.

The Swiss seem never to be idle. In some villages the people spend their winters in making toys or in carving beautiful and useful things out of wood. In other villages and cities nearly every one is engaged in watchmaking.

The Alps do not make the whole of Switzerland. There are many other mountains with green valleys, sparkling with rapid streams and clear lakes. Every little valley has its villages, and all the larger ones have pleasant cities, many of them built on the banks beside the beautiful lakes.

Although Switzerland is a very small country, it contains many people. The Swiss are a strong, brave people who love their mountains and valleys so much that they are never willing to leave their country and will fight and die for their homes. Powerful kings have often tried to conquer them, but they are so brave that no one has ever been able to take away their freedom.

— Mary Howe Smith.

## HEIDI AND HER GRANDFATHER

High on the Alps there once lived an old man all alone. His hut stood on a jutting cliff exposed to wind and sun alike and overlooking the beautiful valley below. Back of the hut grew tall pine trees, large and old, with thick, untrimmed branches. Beyond, the mountains rose up to gray, rocky peaks that towered into the sky.

The old man had placed a bench on the side of his hut toward the valley. Here he sat resting one day when suddenly he saw a little girl running toward him.

"Good morning, Grandfather," she said. "I am Heidi, and I have come to stay with you. My aunt has shown me the way up the mountain."

"Well, well, what does this mean?" said the old man. He held out his hand to the little girl, and gave her a long look from under his bushy eyebrows. The child stood before him patiently waiting, with her hands folded behind her back.

"What would you like to do?" asked the grandfather, kindly, after he had recovered from his surprise.

"I should like to go into the hut and see what you have there," answered the little girl.

"Take up your bundle then and come!"

Heidi followed her grandfather into the one room of the little house. There was a bed in the corner, a table, one chair, and a door that opened into a closet.

Heidi looked carefully about the room. Her bright eyes seemed to see everything at a glance.

"Where shall I sleep, Grandfather?" she asked.

"Where you like," was his answer.

This pleased the child. She ran about looking into every nook and corner. Near her grandfather's bed was a ladder which led to the loft. Up climbed Heidi and found herself in a little room half filled with fragrant hay. Through a small, round window she could see for miles across the valley below.

"I shall sleep here," she cried. "Oh, it is beautiful. Come up, Grandfather, and see how beautiful it is." Then she ran busily about and piled the hay in a neat little bed by the window.

"Now, I have my bed made," she called down, "and I need sheets and a cover."

"Well, well," said the old man, who was really pleased with the quick and helpful child. With his arms full of bedclothes he climbed the ladder and helped Heidi make a comfortable bed. The head was piled high with hay, and so placed that one

could look from it straight through the round window.

The little girl looked on with admiration. "How I wish it were night so that I could lie down!" she exclaimed.

"We had better have something to eat first," said her grandfather. "What do you say?"

All at once Heidi felt very hungry, and she answered heartily, "I think so, too."

Soon a bright fire was burning in the open fireplace, and the kettle boiled merrily. The old man put a piece of cheese on a long, iron fork, and held it over the coals until it was a golden yellow on all sides.

Heidi ran to the cupboard where she had seen the bread and the dishes. When her grandfather came with the toasted cheese and the cup of tea, the table was nicely laid with the loaf of bread in the middle.

"You can think what to do without being told," said the old man, "and that is good." Then he filled a bowl with goat's milk for Heidi, and spread her bread thickly with hot cheese. The child grasped the bowl and drank without stopping.

"I never tasted such good milk," she said.

"Then you must have more," and the grandfather

filled the little bowl to the brim. When they had finished their dinner, the old man put everything in order in the hut and in the goat's house. Heidi followed him, observing very closely all that he did.

"She knows what she sees; her eyes are in the right place," said the old man to himself.

As evening came on, the wind began to sigh through the great pine trees. It sounded so beautiful to Heidi that she ran out of the hut and began to skip and dance about. Suddenly a whistle sounded, and down from the mountains came the goats with Peter, the goatherd.

Two beautiful, slender goats, one white and one brown, came running out of the flock. They went to the old man and licked his hands. Heidi stroked them gently.

"Are they ours, Grandfather?" she asked. "Will they go into our shed? Will they always stay with us? May I play with them?"

"Yes, yes, child," answered her grandfather, as he fed them with salt. "Now, Heidi," he added, "get your bowl, and I will fill it with fresh goat's milk. Then you must eat your supper and go to bed. Go and sleep soundly."

Very soon Heidi said good night to her grand-

father and to the goats. She climbed the ladder and was soon fast asleep on her bed of fragrant hay.

During the night the wind howled and roared, and made the little hut tremble. The old man arose, saying to himself, "The child will be afraid."

He went to Heidi's bedside. There she lay fast asleep. She must have been dreaming pleasant dreams, for a look of happiness was on her little face. The grandfather stood for a long time, looking down at the sleeping child. Then he turned and went down the ladder. —Johanna Spyri.

## HEIDI CLIMBS THE MOUNTAIN

When Heidi opened her eyes the next morning, the sun was shining in through the little round window of her room. She dressed quickly and went out in front of the hut. There was Peter, with his flock of goats, ready to go up the mountain.

"Would you like to go to the pasture with Peter and the goats?" asked her grandfather.

The child danced with delight. "Then eat your breakfast and be ready. You must be clean, or the sun will laugh at you," said the old man, as he went into the hut to prepare the lunch.

The two children went merrily up the mountain. During the night the wind had blown the last clouds away. The sky was deep blue, and in the center stood the bright sun, sparkling upon the green Alps.

Heidi ran hither and thither and shouted with joy. The mountain path led through great patches of fine, red primroses. Yonder it glistened all blue with the beautiful gentians, and everywhere laughed and nodded the tender-leaved, yellow rock roses.

In her delight over all the glittering, nodding blossoms, Heidi even forgot the goats and Peter, too. Now here and now yonder shone the red and yellow, and enticed the child in every direction.

So Peter had to look on all sides, and his round eyes, that did not move quickly from one thing to another, had more work than they could well manage. The goats also ran here and there, and the boy whistled and called and swung his staff to drive all the runaways together.

"Where are you, Heidi?" he called.

"Here," answered the child, not stirring from her seat among the blossoms.

"Come here," shouted Peter. "We have still a long way to climb. We must go on."

Higher and higher they climbed until they came

to the green grass where the goats usually pastured for the day. Peter threw himself on the ground to rest. The goats pushed their way into the bushes to find the sweet herbs that grew among the rocks.

Heidi sat down on the grass and looked about her. Far below lay the valley in the bright morning sunshine. In front a great, wide field of snow rose up toward the deep blue heavens, and a high tower of rocks seemed to look sternly down upon her.

Far and wide was a great, deep stillness; only the wind passed softly and lightly over the tender bluebells and the yellow, beaming rock roses. Heidi drank in the golden sunlight, the fresh air, the tender perfume of the flowers, and wished for nothing better than to remain in all this beauty forever.

For a long time she sat gazing at the rocks — so long that the lofty crags seemed to have faces and to be looking down at her like old friends. She heard the great eagle screaming in the air, and saw him flying in wide circles to his nest.

Suddenly, at Peter's whistle, the goats came jumping down the mountain. Heidi sprang up and ran towards them. She saw that the grandfather's goats, Little Swan and Little Bear, as they were called, were the finest in the flock.

"Of course they are," Peter said, "for the grandfather feeds them salt and washes them and has the best shed to keep them in." Peter knew each goat by name and could tell all its curious ways, perhaps because he had so little else to remember.

The white goat was milked for the noonday meal, and the children set out their bread and cheese upon the grass. Away bounded the goats again, climbing the rocky heights. After lunch, Heidi wandered about, picking the beautiful mountain blossoms.

And so the day passed until the sun was beginning to sink down behind the mountains. Suddenly all the grass became golden, and the rocks above began to flash with rosy lights.

"Oh, look, Peter," shouted the child. "All the mountains are burning! Look at the rocks! See the beautiful snow! Everything is on fire."

"It is always so," answered Peter, good-naturedly; "but it is not fire."

"What is it then?" cried Heidi, as she sprang here and there, for she could not see enough, it was so beautiful on all sides. "Oh, look!" she cried out again. "See the lovely rosy snow! and on the rocks above are ever so many roses. Now they are turning gray; now they are gone."

"It will be just the same to-morrow," said Peter. "Come, we must go home now."

Peter whistled and called the goats together, and they started down the mountain. Heidi was silent until she reached the hut and saw her grandfather sitting under the fir tree.

"Oh, Grandfather, the mountains are beautiful," she called out, even before she had reached him. "I saw the fire and the roses on the cliffs, and the blue and yellow flowers." Then she asked about the fire which she had seen at sunset.

"It is the sunshine," the grandfather explained. "When the sun says good night to the mountains, he throws his most beautiful beams across them so that they may not forget that he is coming back in the morning."

This pleased the little girl, and she could hardly wait for the morrow to come so that she could go to the pasture again, and see the sun bid good night to the mountains. But first she must go to sleep; and she slept soundly the whole night long on her bed of hay, dreaming of bright, shining mountains, in the midst of which the goats merrily ran and jumped.

— Johanna Spyri.

## BRUNO

Bruno was a fine large dog that belonged to a hunter who lived in a cottage among the Alps.

The upper portions of these mountains are very rocky and wild, and the paths are steep and dangerous. On the lower slopes are woods and green pastures, and in the valleys far below are beautiful little villages. In summer the mountains are delightful; but in winter the roads and paths are buried in snow, and travelers are often overtaken by storms and perish in the bitter cold.

One winter night when the hunter reached his home, he found that his youngest child was very ill. There was no medicine in the house, and the nearest doctor lived in the village at the foot of the mountain. The child must have help without delay.

The hunter called his dog, Bruno, and together they started down the mountain. The snow was falling fast, but they reached the village in safety. When the medicine was ready, the hunter and his dog went out again into the storm. The night was dark, and the snow had drifted over the road, so that it was very hard to find the way.

But with the help of his faithful dog the weary

man struggled on until he was almost home. Then his strength began to fail, and he sank down into the snow. Bruno barked and rubbed his master's cheek, trying to make him rise and go forward.

"Yes, Bruno," said his master. "I will try

once more." And he waded through the soft snow until he was within a few steps of his cottage door. The drifts grew deeper, and the hunter thought that he had lost his way.

"Bruno," he said, "I must lie down here and rest a little before I can go any farther."

Bruno knew that they were nearly home, and he was greatly distressed. He jumped about and barked, and tried in every way he knew to urge his master to go on, but without success.

It is very dangerous to lie down to sleep in the cold and storm. People that do so seldom wake again. They think that they only wish to rest a few moments, and then they will be ready to proceed on their journey. But it is the cold which causes the great desire to rest and sleep.

When Bruno found that he could not rouse his master, he turned his head toward the house and barked long and loud. The hunter's wife heard the barking and knew the voice of the dog.

"My husband needs help," she cried; and she ran out of the cottage. Guided by the barking of the faithful animal, she soon found her way to the man that lay in the snow.

After much effort she roused him from his sleep, and by her help he reached his home, with the medicine for his sick child safe in his pocket.

And thus it was that the hunter's dog, Bruno, saved the life, not only of his master, but also of the little babe that lay in the cradle.

—Jacob Abbott.

## BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES

Old Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun. Now Bergetta was a cat of an inquiring mind, and her desire to know what was going on often led her into trouble.

This morning she was having a delightful nap in the spring sunshine. Now and then she opened her sleepy eyes. Before her lay the bright blue ocean with white sails here and there.

Presently a sound broke the stillness. Bergetta heard it, raised her ears, and listened intently. A man bearing a large basket was approaching the house from the beach. He went with it round to the back entrance of the house. What could be in the basket?

The cat arose, stretched herself, and went noiselessly into the kitchen. The basket stood in the middle of the floor and three other cats were looking on from a safe distance. Bergetta went slowly toward it to investigate its contents. She soon became aware that there were curious noises inside the basket. Suddenly two long, slender feelers waved in the air. Two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket, and by their help a hideous dark body came

slowly into view. The ugly monster raised itself out of the basket and fell with a loud noise on the floor. It was a living lobster.

For a long time all was still. Bergetta sat watching the strange, black animal in its horny armor. As it did not move she forgot her fear, and crept nearer and nearer. At last she put out her paws and touched its hard shell. It did not notice her. She tried another little pat, and the lobster waved its long feelers in the air.

That was charming. Bergetta was delighted. The monster was really playful. She tapped him again with her soft paw, and then boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be. At this, the lobster opened and shut the clumsy teeth of his great claws in a way that was quite dreadful to behold.

The cat watched it in wonder, and then pushed her white paw between the open teeth. Instantly the two sides of the strong claw snapped together and the poor cat cried out in pain.

In vain Bergetta tried to get away. Crying with fear and distress, she danced about the room, and everywhere she went the lobster was sure to go. Up and down, over and across, they went, in the wildest kind of a jig, while all the other cats fled into the

remotest corners of the room and watched the strange performance.

Such a commotion! Bergetta crying, and the lobster clattering over the floor! At last some one heard the noise, and, coming to the rescue, thrust a stick

between the rough teeth of the lobster's claw and set poor Bergetta at liberty.

For days the cat went limping about so lame that she could hardly creep around the house. When at last she began to feel a little better she strayed again into the kitchen. Seeing what she rightly guessed to be a pan of milk upon the table, up she jumped to investigate.

Naughty Bergetta! Yes, the pan was full of milk not yet skimmed. She did not wait to ask, but

straightway thrust her pink nose into the smooth, creamy surface.

Now it was washing day, and just under the edge of the table was a tub full of warm suds. After the first taste of cream, Bergetta lifted her head, and what did she see?

Oh, horror! on the table just before her was a great lobster. Bright scarlet, with its long feelers pointing toward her, it burst upon her sight. It had been boiled, and of course could do her no harm, but Bergetta did not know this.

So eager had she been to look into the milk pan that she had seen nothing else. Now, in great fright, she gave one leap backward and fell, splash! into the tub of warm suds.

With eyes, ears, nose, and mouth full of soapy foam, she crawled from the tub and ran out of the door, leaving a long stream of suds behind her.

Poor Bergetta! All the other cats came round her and stared at her with astonishment. The wind blew through her soaked fur, and she suffered with the cold. But her bitter experiences taught her a lesson, for never again did she play with a lobster, or try to steal milk from a pan.

—Celia Thaxter.

## THE MORNING

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

—Emily Dickinson.

## THE BETTER LAND

"I hear thee speak of a better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand —
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child.

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair, —
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

— Felicia D. Hemans.

## A STORY OF OLD EGYPT

THERE once lived in the Land of the Nile a nation of bondmen.

These people had not always been slaves. They said that the great ancestor from whom they were all descended had been a famous man in his day, and had won for himself the title of the Prince. They liked to tell of the time when one of the Prince's sons had been the Master of the Land of the Nile, and second only to the King; and they delighted to relate how all the people bowed the knee before him, and made his word their law.

But now four hundred years had passed since that glorious time, and many sad changes had come to the Children of the Prince. Their lands had been taken from them, they had been robbed of their flocks and herds, and cruel laws had been made in order to afflict them. Yet they had seemed to prosper, and their numbers had grown until there were tens of thousands of them in the land of Egypt. At last there came to the throne a King whose heart was filled with hatred toward them.

"What shall we do with the folk who call them

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

selves the Children of the Prince?" he said. "If we let them alone, they will soon outnumber us, and will make themselves our masters."

And so laws were passed which made the Children of the Prince a nation of slaves; the King sent their young men into the cities and towns to work under taskmasters, and build walls and forts and palaces of brick and stone. It was also ordered that every boy baby that was born to any of these people should be put to death.

One day, not long after this, it happened that the King's daughter went out with her maidens to bathe in the river. As she was walking along the bank, she saw something floating among the reeds in the shallow water of the stream, and she sent one of her maidens to get it. When it was brought to her, it proved to be a light basket made of rushes woven together, and daubed with pitch so as to make it water-tight and strong.

The King's daughter looked into the basket; and there she saw a pretty babe, lying on a little cushion of leaves. When the child saw the Princess, he held out his hands toward her and cried; and her kind heart was filled with pity.

"He must belong to one of the slaves who call

themselves Children of the Prince," she said. "How sad that so pretty a babe should perish!"

While the King's daughter and her maidens were trying to make the child cease his weeping, a little girl came timidly forward and listened to them.

"How I should like to keep him for my own!" said the Princess, as she took him from the basket and held him lovingly in her arms.

Then the little girl took courage and spoke.

"Shall I go and find a woman to nurse the child for you?" she asked.

"Yes, go," said the lady.

Now the little girl was none other than the sister of the babe. Ever since the basket had been set afloat among the reeds, she had been standing by the river, watching and hoping that this very thing would happen; for, if the Princess would take pity on the child, his life might be saved.

She ran as fast as she could, and told her mother all that the King's daughter had said. Then her mother hastened with glad heart to the riverside, where the King's daughter and her maidens were still fondling the babe.

"Here is a woman who will nurse the child for you," said the little girl.

"Come, then," said the Princess to the child's mother, "come into my home and take care of this babe for me, and I will pay you well."

And so the babe was taken into the King's palace, and brought up by his own mother. He was called the son of the King's daughter; and she gave him the name of Moses, which meant that he had been drawn out of the water. —James Baldwin.

*From "Old Stories of the East."*

## HUGH JOHN SMITH BECOMES A SOLDIER

It was on the day before a great review of soldiers at the nearest town that Hugh John Smith first became a soldier and a general. His father's house was connected by a short driveway with a great main road along which king and beggar had for more than a thousand years gone to and from the town.

Hugh John loved the wide road, and every day he ran down the driveway and looked through the bars of the gate to see who was passing. It was a large white gate of strong wood, lovely to swing on, if by chance it was left unfastened. It would shut of itself and you had only to push it open, jump on,

and ride all the way back, while the gate swung into place.

On the great day when Hugh John became a soldier he had been digging all the morning in the sand hole. He had on his red coat, which was his pride, and he was taking a fort protected by high walls of sand. He shouted "Boom!" when he fired off his cannon, and "Bang, whack!" when he knocked down the walls that he had so carefully patted into shape.

Suddenly there came a sound which always made the heart of Hugh John beat fast. It was the sound of the drum. He had only time to make a dash for his soldier's cap, gird on his London sword with the gold hilt, and fly.

As he ran down the driveway, the sound of the fifes grew louder and louder. It was at this point that Hugh John had a great struggle with himself His brother and sister were playing under an elm tree on the front lawn. He could not bear that they should miss the soldiers. But then, if he went back, the troops might be past before he reached the gate.

"I must see the soldiers. I must — I must!" he cried.

But in his heart a little voice kept saying, "It is

mean to go off without telling your brother and sister."

"I can't be mean! I won't be mean!" thought Hugh John. And so he ran back with all his might, and with a warning cry called the younger children to follow. Then with legs that passed each other so quickly that they could hardly be seen, Hugh John fairly flung himself toward the white gate.

The gate was open, and with a wild cry Hugh John sprang through and stood on the roadside just as the troops came into view.

The first who passed were soldiers in a dark uniform. No one cast a glance at Hugh John. He stood with his drawn sword, giving the salute as each company went by. Then came red coats and brass bands. Hugh John saluted them all.

No one paid the least attention to him. He did not, indeed, expect any one to notice him. He was only a small dusty boy with a sword too big for him, standing under the shadow of the elms. But he saluted every one of them as they swung past, dust-choked and thirsty.

At last came the Scottish bagpipes. Hugh John crossed the road and then he was nearer to the soldiers. Swinging step, waving plumes, all in review

order came on the famous regiment. They passed by, and the sound of the pipes soon grew faint in the distance.

Then came more companies of soldiers and more and more. And ever the sword of Hugh John flashed to the salute, and his small arm grew weary as it rose and fell.

Then happened the most astonishing thing in the world. It was the greatest event in Hugh John's life. There came to his ear a new sound, the clatter of horses' hoofs. A bugle rang out, and Hugh John's eyes watched the noble gray horses come tramping along as if proud of their riders. He stood more erect than ever.

On they came, a fine young officer at their head. He sat erect on a noble horse, leading one of the finest troops of horsemen in the world. He saw the small dusty boy in his red coat standing by the roadside, and he marked his pale face and his erect bearing.

Hugh John had seen soldiers before, but never any so fine as these. He could hardly lift his sword, but his hand was steady and he went through the beautiful movements of the military salute with order and precision.

The young officer smiled and raised his own sword

in response, as if Hugh John had been one of his own troopers. The boy's heart stood still. Could this thing be? A real soldier had saluted him.

But there was something more wonderful yet to come. The officer turned in his saddle.

"Attention, men. Draw swords!" he cried, and his voice rang like a trumpet.

There came a glitter of steel as the swords flashed

into line. The horses tossed their heads at the stirring sound. "Eyes right! Carry swords!" came again the sharp command. And every blade made a circle of glittering light as it rose to the salute.

Tears welled up in Hugh John's eyes as he stood there in the pride of the honor done to him. He had been treated as a real soldier by the greatest soldier there. He was no longer a little dusty boy. Now he was a soldier indeed.

"Eyes front! Slope swords!" rang the words once more. The regiment passed by, and only the far drum beats came back as Hugh John stood silent under the elm tree. When his father rode up on his way home, he asked the boy what he was doing there.

Hugh John wanted to laugh, but the tears ran down his cheeks. "I'm not hurt, father," he said, "I'm not crying. It was only that the Scots Greys saluted me. But I'm not crying, I'm not indeed!"

Then the stern man gathered the great soldier up and set him across his saddle. He was alone, for the other children had gone to their play. And thus rode our hero home — Hugh John Smith no more, General Napoleon he called himself now.

Late that night Hugh John stole down the hushed driveway, his bare feet pattering through the dust

which the dew was making cool. He stood again by the roadside where he had seen the troops march by. Then clasping his hands he made a solemn vow.

"The Scots Greys saluted me. Never, never, so long as I live, will I be mean again!"

*From "Sir Toady Lion."* —S. R. Crockett.

## THE BOY AND THE BROOK

Down from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes, washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?
O my brooklet, cool and sweet!"
"I come from yon mountain, high and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat."

"Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet, cool and sweet!"
"I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

## PUSSY WILLOW

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm, a crow
His coal-black wings is sunning.
A close, green bud the Mayflower lies
Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the south wind blows,
And through the brown fields calling goes,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
The yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging.
And rosy will the Mayflower be
Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all—
"Come, Pussy!" is the South Wind's call,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close, brown wrapper stir,
Come out and show your silver fur,
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

— SELECTED.

## THE THREE MINSTRELS

Once in the olden time a king called his heralds together to hear his bidding. And all the swift runners gathered before the king, each with a trumpet in his hand. And the king sent them forth into every part of the kingdom to sound their trumpets and to call aloud: —

"Hear, O ye minstrels! Our gracious king bids ye come to his court and play before the queen."

The minstrels were men who went about from castle to castle and from palace to cot, singing beautiful songs and playing on harps. Wherever they roamed they were always sure of a welcome.

They sang of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles. They sang of the mighty hunters that hunted in the great forests. They sang of fairies and goblins, of giants and elves. And because there were no storybooks in those days, everybody, from little children to the king, was glad to see them come.

When the minstrels heard the king's message, they made haste to the palace; and it so happened that three of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white, and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of ladies and their fair faces," said the youngest minstrel. But Harmonius whispered, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! we hear nothing but the wind in the tree tops," said the others. "We have not time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard the wind singing of its travels through the wide world. It was telling how it raced over the blue

sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships. It sang of the hill where the trees made harps of their branches, and of the valleys where all the flowers danced gayly to its music. And this was the chorus of the song: —

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valley below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow, —
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song. Then he ran on, and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see.

"We shall behold the king, and we shall speak to him," said the oldest minstrel.

"And we shall see his golden crown and the queen's jewels," added the youngest.

Now their path led them through the wood, and as they talked, Harmonius said, "Hush! listen!"

But the others answered: "Oh! that is only the sound of the brook, trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls, on its way to the sea.

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing forever, though none be near, —
For God in Heaven can always hear."

Thus sang the little brook. Harmonius listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the king and the queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked, he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! that is only a bird," the others replied. "Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing a song of green trees; and in every tree there was a nest, and in every nest there were eggs.

"Merrily, merrily, listen to me
Flitting and flying from tree to tree;
Nothing fear I, by land or sea, —
For God in Heaven is watching me."

"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonius; "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades.

When they had come into the palace, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before they came into the throne room.

The king and queen sat on their thrones side by side. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home in a far-off country, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them.

The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, and the soldiers of the king shouted with joy. The youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, and all the ladies of the court clapped their hands.

Then came Harmonius. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking. Then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook, dripping on stones and running over little pebbles. And while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius's song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in spring. And then the song was ended.

The queen clapped her hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonius if he came from fairy-

land with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered: —

"Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day."

Now all the minstrels looked up in surprise when they heard these words from Harmonius; and the oldest minstrel said to the king: "Harmonius is surely mad! We met no singers on our way to-day."

But the queen said: "That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child, and I can name the singers three." And so she did. Can you?

—Maude Lindsay.

## THE BOY MUSICIAN

There was a time, long ago, when people believed that fairies hovered over a sleeping babe, and gave to the little one the charm of beauty, or the joy of strength, or the power of genius.

If this were true, then fairies must have visited the cradle of little Wolfgang Mozart. We might easily believe that one of them said, "I will give thee a loving heart;" and that another whispered, "Thou shalt delight in sweet sounds; music shall be thy language."

THE BOY MUSICIAN.

The little Mozart lived in Germany more than a hundred years ago. His father was a musician, and his sister, Anna, had already made rapid progress in music. At all of her lessons the baby brother was an interested listener, and he often amused himself in trying to repeat the exercises he had heard. Before he was four years old he began to compose music. His little pieces were written for him by his father, in a book which was kept for that purpose.

One Sunday the father came home from church and found Wolfgang at a table busy over a piece of paper. His fat little fist grasped the pen with much firmness, and at every visit to the ink bottle he plunged it to the very bottom. The paper was very badly blotted with ink, but the baby composer calmly wiped away the blots with his finger and wrote over them.

"What are you doing there?" asked his father.

"Writing a piece of music for the piano," replied Wolfgang.

"Let me see it."

"No, no, it is not ready."

The father took up the paper, and laughed at the big blots and the notes which were scarcely readable. But upon looking over the work more carefully he

saw that it was written according to rule, and that it was a wonderful composition for so young a child.

Herr Mozart now devoted all his time to the education of his two children. They progressed so rapidly that they were a marvel to their native town. When Anna was ten years old and Wolfgang six, they were taken by their father and mother to Vienna, and there the Emperor listened to their music. The courtiers and the royal family praised the gifted children and filled their hands with costly presents.

Soon after their return home, a noted violinist called to ask Herr Mozart's opinion of some new music. As they were about to practice the different parts, little Wolfgang begged to play second violin.

"You cannot join our rehearsal," said his father. "You have had no instruction on the violin."

"I do not need any lessons to play second violin," the boy persisted.

"Run away and do not disturb us," was the father's reply, and the little boy walked out of the room, crying bitterly. The visitor begged that the child be permitted to play with him, and Wolfgang was called back.

"Play then," said the father; "but play very softly."

The child was comforted. He brushed away his tears and began playing, softly at first, as he had been commanded; then he forgot everything but the notes before him, and the music swelled higher and higher. All were amazed, and tears of gladness stood in the father's eyes.

Another concert tour was planned, and Wolfgang and his sister traveled with their parents from city to city, giving concerts at the courts of kings. Great crowds went to hear them, and everywhere they were greeted with enthusiasm and delight.

When Wolfgang was eleven years old, he went to Italy to study music. The fair, slender lad was looked upon as a marvel by the Italian musicians.

The father and son reached Rome at the time of the great Easter festival. A beautiful piece of music had been set apart as sacred to this yearly service. For two hundred years it had been carefully guarded, and all musicians were forbidden to copy it.

Wolfgang listened intently; and when he came again the next day to the church, he brought with him a folded paper on which he had written from memory the whole of the sacred music.

"Truly such wonderful gifts come from Heaven!" said the priests, in awe and admiration.

Mozart remained for nearly two years in Italy, studying with the finest musicians and hearing the best music. After his return to his native land, he continued his musical studies and gave his whole life to his art.

It seems almost impossible that the boy, who in his early years received such honors, should in his manhood meet poverty and neglect. Such was Mozart's sad fortune, but in spite of his discouragements he struggled on, and became one of the greatest of musical composers. He has given to the world a wealth of beauty that has made his name immortal.

— Bertha Leary Saunders.

## BEN FRANKLIN AND THE WHARF

### I

In the year 1716, or about that time, a boy used to be seen on the streets of Boston who was known among his companions as Ben Franklin. He was a bright boy at his books and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. There was something about the lad that always seemed to give him the lead among his companions.

I might tell you many amusing stories about him. No doubt you have read the famous story of Ben and his whistle, and how he gave a whole pocketful of pennies for one. Afterward he found that he had paid too much for his whistle, and was very sorry for his bargain.

But Ben had grown to be a large boy since those days, and had become much wiser. His mistakes always taught him some valuable lesson.

Ben was now at work in his father's shop, and busy as his life was, he still found time for out-of-door sports. Ben and his companions were very fond of fishing, and they spent many hours on the margin of a pond near the outskirts of the town.

The place where they fished was a marshy spot where sea gulls flitted overhead and salt meadow grass grew under foot. On the edge of the water there was a bed of wet clay in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would

have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to endure a hardship without trying to find a remedy for it.

"Boys," said Ben, as he and his comrades were walking home, "I have thought of a plan which will be for our benefit, and for the public benefit."

His companions were always ready to listen to anything Ben might propose. They remembered how he had sailed across the mill pond by holding on to his kite string as he lay flat on his back in the water. A boy who could do that might do almost anything.

"What is your plan, Ben? What is it?" cried they all.

It so happened that they had now come to the spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered about were a great many large stones which were to be used in the building. Ben mounted the highest of these stones so that he might be heard by all.

"I propose, boys," said Master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf to aid us in our fishing. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the foundation of a house, but that will be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to carry these

stones to the edge of the water, and build a wharf with them.

"The stones will then be of great help to us and also to the boats passing up and down the stream. You see the wharf will be of use to many people.

The house will benefit only one man. What do you say, boys? Shall we build the wharf?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted all the boys. "Let's set about it at once."

Not one of them asked, "Is it right to build a wharf with stones that belong to another person?"

They all agreed to be on the spot that evening and commence their work by moonlight. At the time set, the whole gang of young laborers met and began to remove the heap of stones.

The stones proved heavy and the work harder than they expected. Ben, of course, was the leader, and the boys cheerfully followed his directions. He showed them how to carry the stones, and when they grew tired he had some joke ready which set them all into a roar of laughter.

After an hour or two of hard work the stones were carried to the water side, and it was Ben Franklin who planned the building of the wharf. Finally, just as the moon sunk below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

II

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town, the

masons came to begin work on the new house. But where were their stones? What had become of them?

"The stones must have flown away through the air while we were asleep," said one of the men.

"More likely they were stolen," said another workman.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

The master mason said nothing at first. But looking carefully on the ground, he noticed tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. He soon saw that the tracks formed a beaten path toward the water's edge.

"Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "Those little rascals, the boys, have stolen our stones to build a wharf with."

The masons went to look at the new wharf. And, to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly had it been planned and finished.

"The chaps that built this wharf understood their business," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself!"

But the master mason did not enjoy the joke.

"The boys must be arrested," he said. "Go, call an officer."

If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. The gentleman had great respect for Ben's father, and he was fond of boys. And so he let them off quite easily.

But the poor boys had to go through another trial, for their fathers soon learned what they had done. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was well worn on that unlucky night. As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapproval.

"Come here, Ben," said his father. "How could you take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head, "if it had been merely for my own benefit I never should have dreamed of it. I thought the wharf would be of use to others, while a house would be of use only to the owner of the stones."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, "you did very wrong to build a wharf with stones that did not belong to you. There is no more terrible mistake than to think that good will come from a wrong act. Remember, my son, that evil can bring about

only evil; good can come only through right doing."

"I will never forget it again," said the lad, bowing his head. And to the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father.

— Nathaniel Hawthorne.

## OUR BANNER

Flag of our country, far afloat,
Over the land and the sea!
The steadfast light on Glory's height,
The banner of the free!

Purity speaks from your folds of white,
Truth from your sky of blue,
Courage shines forth in the crimson stripes,
And leads to victories new.

Fadeless, like stars in the arching skies,
In glory your stars shine on,
And promise the peace that ne'er shall cease,
In the land by valor won.

— Marie Zetterberg.

## THE FOX IN THE WELL

Sir Reynard once, as I've heard tell,
Had fallen into a farmer's well,
When Wolf, his cousin, passing by,
Heard from the depths his dismal cry.
Over the wheel a well chain hung,
From which two empty buckets swung.
At one drawn up beside the brink,
The Fox had paused, no doubt, to drink;
And, putting in his head, had tipped
The bucket; and the bucket slipped,
When, hampered by the bail, he fell,
As I have said, into the well.
As down the laden bucket went,
The other made its swift ascent.

His cousin Wolf, beguiled to stop,
Listened astonished, at the top,
Looked down, and, by the uncertain light,
Saw Reynard in a curious plight, —
There in his bucket at the bottom,
Calling as if the hounds had caught him!

"What do you there?" his cousin cried.
"Dear cousin Wolf," the Fox replied,

"In coming to the well to draw
Some water, what d'ye think I saw?
It glimmered bright and still below;
You've seen it, but you did not know
It was a treasure. Now, behold!
I have my bucket filled with gold
Enough to buy ourselves and wives
Poultry to last us all our lives!"

The Wolf made answer, with a grin,
"Dear me! I thought you tumbled in!
What then is all this noise about?"
"Because I could not draw it out,
I called to you," the Fox replied.
"First help me, then we will divide."

"How?" "Get into the bucket there."
The Wolf, too eager for a share,
Did not one moment pause to think; —
There hung the bucket by the brink,
And in he stepped. As down he went,
The cunning Fox made his ascent,
Being the lighter of the two.

"That's right! Ha, ha! how well you do!
How glad I am you came to help!"
Wolf struck the water with a yelp:

The Fox leaped out; "Dear Wolf," said he,
"You've been so very kind to me,
I'll leave the treasure all to you; —
I hope 'twill do you good! Adieu!
There comes the farmer!" Off he shot,
And disappeared across the lot,
Leaving the Wolf to meditate
Upon his miserable fate; —
To flattering craft a victim made,
By his own greediness betrayed!

— J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## THE SIMPLETON

A CERTAIN man had two sons. The elder passed for a very clever youth; the younger, called Dumling, though the favorite of his mother, was thought to be only half-witted. In fact, his father and brother were in the habit of calling him "the fool of the family."

When Dumling had grown to be fifteen years old his father became tired of supporting the "simpleton"; so he gave the lad twenty German shillings, and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune.

With a light heart young Dumling trudged forth, jingling the coins in his pouch, and meditating how

he should spend so much money. Before long he met a fisherman carrying a basket on his back. "Ho, master, and what have we here?" said Dumling.

"Nothing that you can buy," said the fisherman, gruffly. But when he heard the money clinking he declared that in his basket he had the most wonderful turbot in the world.

"Mr. Fisherman," said Dumling, when he had peeped in at the beautiful fish, "will you sell your fish for twenty shillings?"

"For want of a better price, yes," replied the fisherman; and the lad eagerly counted out his twenty shillings and took the turbot.

Journeying on, Dumling caught sight of a fine palace, and stopped a countryman to ask who lived there. "The king," answered the man, "and a courteous and liberal king he is."

"Is he, indeed?" thought Dumling; "I will take him my fish and see what he will give me for it."

Without delay he made his way to the gate of the palace and knocked. The gate was opened by a fat porter, who asked him what his business was. "My business is with your master," said Dumling, who knew little of the ways of great men's houses. "I bring a present for the king."

"Ah, indeed!" answered the porter, still delaying to open the door. "Don't you know that it is the custom of this court that I should see a present before it goes to my lord the king?"

So Dumling opened his basket. Now, when the porter saw the beautiful fish, his eyes glistened, and he declared that by the custom of the court half must be his before the bearer could go farther.

"Pray let me pass," said Dumling; "and whatever the bounty of the king bestows on me, you shall have half."

On this promise the porter opened the door, and permitted him to enter the hall. But here he was stopped by the chamberlain, who, when he had looked into the basket, said that half was due to him before the gift could be brought before the king, for such was the custom of the court.

"Fair sir, I quarrel not with your customs," said Dumling; "and, though I have already promised half my reward to the porter, I will give you the share which is left, if you will only bring me into the king's presence."

Then the chamberlain led him in, and the lad laid his present before the king. "By my crown," said the king, "it is a fair gift. I accept it gladly. And

now what reward shall I give you for your trouble? Ask boldly and wisely, and you shall not have to complain."

The porter and the chamberlain now went up to Dumling, and whispered to him to ask for a bag of gold, or a rich office at court, for their lord would not say him nay.

"I will ask none of these things," said the youth aloud; and bending before the king he thus spoke: "Your majesty, I ask no reward but a sound beating."

The king was astonished at hearing this strange request. But when he saw that Dumling would not change his mind, he ordered him to be tied up, and a hundred lashes to be well laid on.

"But hold!" quoth Dumling, as the scourger was baring his brawny arm; "I have partners in this business. I gave away one half of this my reward to the porter, and the other half I promised to the chamberlain, before they would allow me to bring my gift to the king. It is only right that they should receive what I have promised them."

"And thou shalt keep faith with them as I with thee," vowed the king, when he learned how his servants dealt with strangers.

So the porter and the chamberlain were tied up in

Dumling's place, and each received his share of the recompense, fairly counted out. The spectators, who well knew the greed and insolence of these officials, laughed heartily at the justice of the reward.

As for Dumling, the king was so much pleased with the lad's cleverness that he took him into his own service. Thus "the fool of the family" made his fortune: thenceforward no one thought of calling him a simpleton, and all the world spoke nothing but good of him. — GRIMM.

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

— Felicia D. Hemans

## SIR BEVIS AND HIS FRIENDS

### I

One morning as little Sir Bevis was digging in the garden he saw a daisy, and, throwing aside his spade, he sat down on the grass to pick the flower to pieces. He pulled off the pink-tipped petals, one by one, and as they dropped they were lost. Next he gathered a bright dandelion, and squeezed the white juice from its hollow stem. Lying at full length he drummed the earth with his toes, while the tall grass blades tickled his cheeks.

Presently, rolling on his back, he drummed again with his heels. He looked up at the blue sky, but only for a moment, because the glare of light was too strong in his eyes. After a minute he turned

on his side, thrust out one arm, placed his head on it, and drew up one knee, as if going to sleep. His little brown wrist bent down the grass, and his still browner fingers played with the blades, and every now and then tore one off.

A flutter of wings sounded among the blossoms on an apple tree close by, and instantly Bevis sat up, knowing it must be a goldfinch thinking of building a nest in the branches. If the trunk of the tree had not been so big, he would have tried to climb it at once. But he knew he could not do it, nor could he see the bird for the leaves and the blossoms. A puff of wind came and showered the petals down upon him. They fell like snowflakes on his face, and dotted the grass.

Buzz! A great bumblebee, with a band of red gold across his back, flew up and hovered near, wavering to and fro in the air as he paused to look at a flower.

Buzz! Bevis listened and knew very well what the bee was saying. It was: "This is a sweet little garden; a very pleasant garden; all grass and daisies and apple trees and narrow patches, with flowers and fruit trees on one side and a wall and currant bushes on the other side. There is a round

summer-house in the corner painted as blue inside as a sparrow's egg is outside. There are stone steps leading down to a meadow where the cows are feeding, and where the buttercups are standing as tall as your waist, sir. The gate in the iron railings is not fastened, and besides, there is a gap in the hedge, and it is easy to drop down the wall. You were told to stay in the garden, but that's all nonsense. You know very well you could not come to any harm in the meadow. *I* am going outside the garden. Good-by, Bevis!"

Buzz! And the great bumblebee flew slowly between the iron railings, out among the buttercups, and away up the field.

Bevis went to the railings and stood on the lowest bar; then he opened the gate a little way, but it squeaked so loud upon its rusty hinges that he let it shut again. He walked around the garden along beside the hedge to the patch by the lilac trees.

Near by were the gooseberry bushes. The berries were no bigger than beads, but he tasted two of them. Just then a thrush began to sing on an ash tree in the edge of the meadow.

"Bevis! Bevis!" said the thrush, and he turned round to listen: "My dearest Bevis, have you for-

gotten the meadow and buttercups and the sorrel? You know the sorrel, don't you, that tastes so pleasant if you nibble the leaf? I have a nest in the bushes, not very far up the hedge. There are only two eggs in it. But don't tell the other boys about it, or we shall not have one left.

"That is a very sweet garden where you are, but it is very small. I like all these fields to fly about in, and the swallows fly ever so much farther than I can. They fly so far away and so high that I can not tell you how they find their way home to the chimney. But they will tell you, if you ask them. Good morning! I am going over the brook."

II

Bevis went to the iron railings again and climbed up two bars and looked over. But, since he could not yet make up his mind to leave the garden, he went inside the summer-house, which had one small window. As he looked out of the window a white butterfly came along the meadow, and instantly Bevis ran out, flung open the gate, rushed down the steps, and raced after the butterfly. He took no heed of the squeak the gate made as it shut behind him.

The tall buttercups brushed his knees, and bent on

either side as if a wind were rushing through them. His toes only touched the ground, and from so light a pressure the grass rose up, leaving no more mark of his passage than if a grasshopper had gone by.

Fanning itself daintily with its wings, the butterfly went lazily on before Bevis. Not yet knowing that it was being chased by the boy, it sauntered along just above the buttercups. Presently the airy insect alighted on a glossy green leaf which looked soft and satinlike. Then it saw Bevis coming, his hat in one hand and the other stretched eagerly out.

The butterfly wheeled itself around on the leaf, shut up its fluttering wings, and seemed very innocent indeed. But when Bevis fell on his knees, sure of his prey, he found under his finger nothing but the leaf. His cheeks flushed, his eyes lit up, and away he darted again after the butterfly, which had got several yards ahead of him. He ran now faster than ever.

"Race on," said the buttercups. "Race on, Bevis; that butterfly scorns us because there are so many of us and we are all alike."

"Never mind me," said the clover. "You may step on me if you like."

"But just look at me for a moment, as you go by," cried a coarse purple weed by the hedge.

A colt in the field, seeing Bevis running so fast, thought he, too, must join the fun, so he whisked his tail and galloped away. His mother whinnied and galloped, too, and the ground shook under her heavy hoofs. The cows lifted their heads from the grass, and wondered why any one could be so foolish as to rush about when there was plenty to eat and no hurry.

The deceitful butterfly, as soon as Bevis came near, turned aside and went along a furrow. Bevis, running in the furrow, caught his foot, fell down, and

pricked his hand with a thistle. Up he jumped again, red as a peony, and shouting at the top of his voice, ran on so quickly that he nearly overtook the butterfly. But they were now nearer the other hedge. The butterfly, frightened at the shouting, rose over the brambles, and Bevis, stopping short, flung his hat at it. The hat did not hit the butterfly, but it só startled it that it flew up half as high as the elms, and went into the next field.

When Bevis looked up, there was his hat, hanging on a branch of an ash tree far beyond his reach. He could not touch the lowest leaf, jump as much as he would. His next thought was to throw a stone, but there were no stones in the meadow. Then he put his hand in his jacket pocket for his knife to cut a long stick. It was not in that pocket nor in the one on the other side. Now the knife was Bevis's greatest treasure — his very greatest. He looked all around, and the tears rose in his eyes.

Just then Pan, the spaniel, ran out of the hedge with such joyful force that the boy was almost overthrown, and burst into a fit of laughter. The dog ran back into the hedge to hunt, and Bevis, with tears rolling down his cheeks into the dimples made

by his smiles, dropped on his hands and knees, and crept in after the dog under the briers.

On the ground lay a dead gray stick, a branch that had fallen from the elms. It was heavy, but Bevis lifted it up, pushed it through the boughs, and thrust his hat off the tree. Creeping out again, he put on his hat, and remembering his knife walked out into the field to search for it.

When Pan missed Bevis he followed, and presently catching scent of a rabbit the spaniel rushed down a furrow, which happened to be the very furrow where Bevis had tumbled. Going after the dog, Bevis found his knife in the grass where it had dropped when shaken from his pocket by his fall.

III

Near by was a large mossy root under a great oak, and Bevis sat down upon it to rest. Along came a house-martin, the kind of swallow that has a white band across his back, flying very low, and only just above the grass. The swallow flew to and fro, not far from Bevis, who asked the bird to come closer. But the swallow said: —

"I shall not come any nearer, Bevis. Don't you remember what you did last year, sir? Don't you

remember that another boy put a ladder against the wall and you climbed up the ladder and put your hand, all brown and dirty, into my nest and took my eggs? And you made us very unhappy, and my mate said we would never come back any more to your house, Bevis."

"But you have come back, swallow."

"Yes, we have come back — just once more; but if you do it again we shall go away forever."

"But I will not do it again. Do come near." So the swallow came a little nearer, and flew back and forth, and Bevis could hear the snap of his beak as he caught the flies.

"Just a little bit nearer still," said he; "let me stroke your lovely white back."

"Oh, no, I can not do that. I don't think you are quite safe, Bevis. Why don't you gather the cowslips?"

Bevis looked up and saw that the field was yellow with cowslips.

"I will pick every one," said he, "and carry them all back to my sister, for she loves cowslips, too."

"You can not do that," said the swallow, "you will not try long enough."

Then Bevis began to gather the cowslips, and kept

on till both hands were full. There was a rustle in the hedge, and looking up he saw his dog come out, all brown with sand. Pan shook himself, and sent the sand flying from his coat in a cloud, just as he did with the water when he came out of the pond. He looked at Bevis, wagged his tail, cried "Yowp!" and ran back into the hedge again.

Bevis rushed to the spot, and saw a large hole in the ground. Pan had worked his way so far into this hole that there was nothing of him visible but his hind legs and tail. Bevis could hear him panting, and tearing with his teeth at the roots to make the hole bigger. Dropping his cowslips, Bevis clapped his hands and urged the dog on.

The sand came flying out behind Pan, and he worked harder and harder, as if he would tear the mound to pieces. Bevis sat down on the grass in the shadow of the oak by a maple bush, and taking a cowslip began to count the spots inside of it. It was always five — five little brown spots in every cowslip. He was sure of that because he knew he had five fingers on each hand.

He lay down full length on his back and looked up at the sky through the boughs of the oak. The sky was very, very blue, and very near to him. With a long ladder, he thought he could have got up there easily.

"Dear sky," said Bevis, "I love you because you are so beautiful!"

Then turning a little on one side to watch Pan, who was still working hard to get the rabbit, in an instant he fell fast asleep.

Pan put his head out of the hole to breathe, and seeing that Bevis was asleep went back to work again. Two butterflies came fluttering along together. The swallow returned, and flew low down along the grass near Bevis. The wind came now and then, and shook a shower of white and pink petals from a crab apple tree in the hedge. By and

by a squirrel, climbing from tree to tree, reached the oak, and stopped a moment to look at Bevis in the shade beneath. He knew exactly how Bevis felt — just as he did himself when he went to sleep.

*From "Wood Magic."* — RICHARD JEFFERIES.

## WORK

SWEET wind, fair wind, where have you been?
"I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;
I've been laughing at work while others sigh;
Let those laugh who win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells:
Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one!"

Honeybee, honeybee, where are you going?
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose, —
A secret worth the knowing!"

—Mary N. Prescott.

## THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo flowers;
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

— Alfred Tennyson.

## THE BOOK OF NATURE

Let us suppose that it is summer time and that you are in the country. A day has been fixed upon for a holiday ramble. Soon after sunrise you are awake, and great is your delight to find the sky clear and the sun shining warmly. But the brightness of the morning begins to grow dim.

The few clouds which were to be seen at first have grown large and seem gathering together for a storm. And sure enough, the first big drops are seen falling. You cling to the hope that it is only a shower which will soon be over. But the big drops come down thicker and faster; little pools of water begin to form in the hollows of the road, and the window panes are now streaming with rain.

With sad hearts you have to give up all hope of holding your excursion to-day. You are very much disappointed that the storm has spoiled your promised pleasure. But let us see if we cannot derive something of interest and value even from the bad weather.

Late in the afternoon the sky clears and the rain ceases. You are glad to get outside again, and so we all sally forth for a walk. Streams of muddy water are coursing along the sloping roadway. We wend our way by wet paths and green lanes, where every bush is dripping with moisture, until we gain the bridge and see the river right beneath us.

What a change the one day's heavy rain has made! Yesterday you could count the stones in the channel, so small and clear was the current. But look at it now! The water fills the channel from

bank to bank, and rolls along swiftly. Leaves and twigs are seen floating on its surface. Now and then a larger branch, or even a whole tree trunk, comes rolling and tossing about on the flood.

We linger for a while on the bridge, watching this rush of water and the objects which it carries down the channel. You think it was almost worth while to lose your holiday for the sake of seeing so grand a sight as this angry and swollen river.

As we walk homewards again it will be well to think about some of the chief features of this day's experience. We have seen that sometimes the sky is clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly and warmly in it. Sometimes the clouds come across the sky, and when they gather thickly rain is apt to fall. We have seen that a river is swollen by heavy rain, and when swollen it becomes muddy.

In this way we have learned that there is a close connection between the sky above us and the earth under our feet. In the morning the clouds gathered overhead, and before evening rain fell from these clouds, flooding the river and sweeping down trees and fences.

Now if you think about it, you will recall many other ways in which the common things of life are

connected together. As far back as you can remember, you have been familiar with such things as air, water, sunshine, wind, rain, rivers, frost, and snow. They have grown so commonplace that you seldom think about them. They seem indeed so natural that you may even be surprised when any one asks you to give a reason for them. But, if you had lived all your life in a country where no rain ever falls, and if you were to see a storm of rain, would it not seem very strange to you? Would you not, naturally enough, ask the meaning of it?

Or, suppose that a boy from some very warm part of the world were to visit a northern country in winter and see for the first time snow fall. Would he not be greatly astonished? If he asked you to tell him what snow is, and why the ground is so hard and the air so cold, and why the streams are covered with ice, could you answer his questions? And yet these questions are about very common, everyday things. If you think earnestly about them, you may find, perhaps, that the answers are not always easily found.

Do not suppose that because a thing is common it can be of no interest to you. There is really nothing so common as not to deserve close attention. It will

reward you for all your pains. But in what way can we learn more about the common things which we see every day? I would not have you content with what is said in books, whether small or great. You must get into the habit of using your own eyes and seeing for yourselves what takes place in this wonderful world of ours.

All around you there is abundant material for you to inquire about. In a ramble by the river or through the fields, with eyes and ears open, there are many lessons to be learned. Listen to the wind as it blows, look at the clouds rolling overhead, notice the pebbles in the stream so round and smooth, and ask yourself, "Why and how are all these things?"

Remember that besides the printed books that you use at home or at school there is the great book of Nature which each of us, young and old, may read, and go on reading all through life.

It is this great book — Air, Earth, and Water — that I would have you look into. Do not be content with merely noticing that certain events take place. Do not let anything pass without trying to find out something about it. For instance, try to learn something new about the storm and the

flooded river which we saw in our walk. Get into the habit of asking Nature questions. Never rest until you find the reason for what you see going on around you.

In this way even the most common things will come to have a new interest for you. Wherever you go there will be something for you to observe, — something that will serve to increase your pleasure. You will thus learn to use your eyes quickly and correctly. This habit of observation will be of the utmost value to you, no matter what may be the path of life that lies before you.

— Archibald Geike.

## THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills;
From whence cometh my help?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.

— *Psalms.*

## LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The sword and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

— Mary H. Krout.

## THE BOYHOOD OF ULYSSES S. GRANT

Jesse Root Grant was a young tanner who lived in Clermont County, Ohio. It is said that his ancestors belonged to a Scottish clan whose motto was "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure."

His grandfather was a soldier in the French and Indian War, and his father was a lieutenant in the Revolution.

Birthplace of Ulysses S. Grant.

Jesse Grant was proud of his ancestors. He tried to honor their memory by his own upright life, and often said that "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure," was just as good a motto for an American as for a Scotchman. He was so honest and industrious that he was respected by all who knew him.

After he had saved enough money to build a house he married Hannah Simpson. Their new home was at Point Pleasant near the Ohio River. The country around them was rough and wild. Indians prowled

in the forests, but the young people were not troubled by them.

Young Grant whitewashed his cottage inside and out. He planted seeds for vines at the doorway and made a gravel walk to the gate. Hannah wove mats for the floor and put curtains at the windows and hung all her new bright tins on the wall.

On the 27th of April, 1822, the first baby came into the home of this happy couple. It was a great event for the whole neighborhood. Many names were proposed for the newcomer, but the doting parents were not satisfied with any of them.

One day Hannah said: "This will never do. See what a big boy he is already. He must have a name. Let us drive over to father's and ask him about it."

And so baby Grant was bundled up and taken to Grandfather Simpson's in search of a name. Grandfather and grandmother and two aunts were at the door to receive him.

"What is his name?" they all cried in a breath.

"Well," said Hannah, "Jesse wants one name and I want another, and you shall decide."

"Well, well," said Grandfather Simpson; "let us

vote for the name. Bring pen and ink, and write the name you like best on a slip of paper. We will then put the ballots into a hat and shake them, and the one drawn out first shall be the baby's name."

The smiling old farmer held out the hat and all the ballots were dropped into it. Little did he think that his grandchild would some day be made President of the United States by votes!

The hat was shaken with a will, and then a slip of paper was taken out: "Ulysses!" said Hannah. "It's just the name I wanted."

When Ulysses was nearly a year old, his father moved to a little village not far from Cincinnati. He built a house near a creek which emptied into the Ohio River, and established a tannery to make skins into leather.

Ulysses grew very fast and was petted by everybody. One day, when he was two years old, there was a celebration of some kind in the village. Many people were on the streets. Jesse Grant held Ulysses high up in his arms to see the procession.

"Hello, Ulysses!" said a boy with a pistol in his hand. "Want to shoot? Let him fire it, Mr. Grant."

The father put the baby fingers to the trigger. Bang! went the pistol. The women screamed; but Ulysses did not wink or dodge.

"Fix it again! Fix it again!" he shouted in glee, and again the report of the pistol rang out.

"He'll make a general, sure," said a bystander.

Ulysses often played in the tan bark near the mill. He saw trading flatboats float down the Ohio River loaded with apples, cider, and corn; and family barges carrying settlers farther west. And sometimes a steamer passed by, with loud whistles and a great deal of smoke.

When he was older he ground tan bark for his father by driving around in a circular path a horse hitched to a bark mill. He learned to swim and dive in a deep hole in the creek. He skated, and trapped rabbits in winter; and he amused himself all the year round much as other boys do.

He was not very brilliant at school. He was shy and slow, but because he was diligent he always succeeded in what he attempted to do.

"Believe that you can and you can," said Ulysses.

He was never known to tell a lie. His honest blue eyes looked straight into the eyes of his playmates, and they believed whatever he said.

He sometimes brought his young friends home with him to spend the night. The boys would gather about the kitchen hearth, where the fire blazed high, and play checkers or tell riddles, while they ate apples or cracked hickory nuts. Then, after a game of fox and geese, they would go to bed in the loft overhead.

The first book that Ulysses read was a "Life of George Washington." One time he came near being punished because he defended the name of the Father of his Country.

It came about in this way: his cousin John, who lived in Canada, made him a visit. Because Canada belonged to England, John was loyal to his king, and he thought the United States ought to be an English province.

He said to Ulysses, "Your boasted Washington was a traitor when he fought against King George."

"You say that again and I'll thrash you," shouted Ulysses.

"I do say it again," said the little Canadian.

Both boys had pluck. Coats were off in an instant, and the battle waxed fierce between the American eagle and the British lion.

In the end John lay sprawling on the ground. When Ulysses went into the house, his mother saw

that he had been fighting. So she made ready to punish him with a birch rod.

But his father said: "I do not think you ought to whip him. He has never quarreled with his cousin before. He fought in defense of his country, and he *ought* to defend his country." And so the boy escaped punishment.

From the time he could walk, Ulysses showed great love for horses. When he was about seven years old, he climbed up into the manger, put a collar and harness on a young colt, and then made the animal haul brushwood all day long.

At ten he drove a team of horses with some leather from Georgetown to Cincinnati, and brought passengers back in the wagon with him. He would ride bareback standing on one foot while his horse ran at full speed.

Once there was much excitement among the young people about a trick pony that came to town with a circus. It was said to go round the ring like lightning and throw any one who tried to ride it. Ulysses sat among the boys looking quietly on as the pony was led out into the ring.

"Will some one step up and ride this pony?" asked the jockey, smiling and bowing.

At once, and without saying a word, Ulysses mounted the pony. It began to kick and plunge; and when the little rider kept his seat, it ran round the ring at full speed. Then out jumped a monkey and sprang on the boy's shoulder and pulled his hair, while the pony ran faster than ever.

But the silent Ulysses sat bolt upright. He did not smile. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. The monkey chattered; the pony drooped its ears; Ulysses had conquered; and the audience roared with laughter as the mortified jockey led his animals away. — Alma Holman Burton.

*From "Four American Patriots."*

## THE BLUEBELL

There is a story I have heard —
A poet learned it from a bird,
And kept its music, every word —

A story of a dim ravine,
O'er which the towering tree tops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between;

And there, two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came — but not to mar;

For softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;

And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

And bluebells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you,
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue:

The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by and by.

— Anonymous.

## HELPFULNESS

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain:
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

— Emily Dickinson.

## GOOD NIGHT

Now fades the sun, and one by one
The stars gleam soft and fair;
No robin sings, no swallow wings
Its eager flight in air

But only silent dews distill,
To fall in fairy rain;
And only whispering breezes thrill
The hush of grove and plain.

The lily slumbers on the lake,
Where not a ripple stirs;
The hare lies crouched amid the brake,
The partridge 'neath the firs.

And down the lawn the roses droop
Their crimson and their snow;
And poppies hide their scarlet pride
And wait the hour to blow.

Good night! good night! the moon will light
The east before the dawn;
And stars arise to gem the skies
Where these have journeyed on.

Good night! and sweetest dreams be thine
Through all their shining way,
Till darkness goes, and bird and rose
With rapture greet the day.

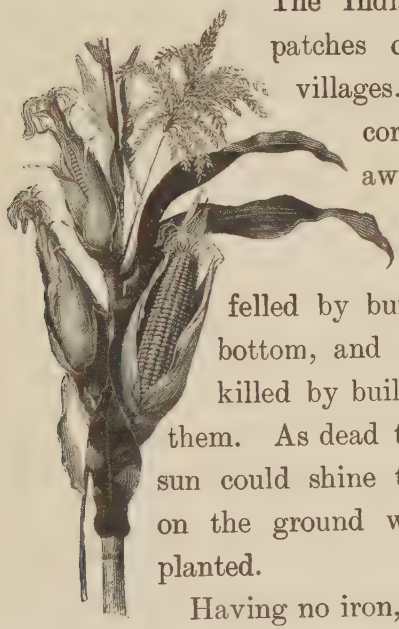
—Edna Dean Proctor.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise:
Which having no chief, overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

*From "The Book of Proverbs."*

## INDIAN CORN

The white people who first came to America had never seen Indian corn, as it did not grow in Europe.



The Indians raised it in little patches of ground about their villages. Before planting their corn they had to clear away the trees that covered the whole country. The larger trees they felled by burning them off at the bottom, and the smaller ones they killed by building little fires around them. As dead trees bear no leaves, the sun could shine through their branches on the ground where corn was to be planted.

Having no iron, the Indians made their tools out of other materials in the best way they could. Their axes were made of stone, but were not sharp enough to cut down a tree. Among some of the tribes a turtle shell, or the shoulder-blade of a deer, was tied to a stick, and used as a hoe. Where the ground was soft they made a kind of spade out of wood.

The Indians planted their corn a long way off from their wigwams, so that they would not be tempted to eat it before it was ripe. Some of the tribes held a great feast when the first green corn was ready to eat, and some of them worshiped a spirit which they called the Spirit of the Corn.

When the corn was ripe and dry, the Indians pounded it between stones to make meal or hominy out of it. Sometimes they parched the corn, and then pounded it into meal. They often carried parched meal with them when they went hunting, and when they went to war, because they could eat it with a little water without stopping to cook it.

When the Pilgrims came to Cape Cod, they sent out Miles Standish and some other men to look through the country, and select a good place for them to settle. Standish tried to find the Indians in order to make friends with them, but the frightened red men ran away whenever they saw him coming toward them.

One day he found a heap of sand. He knew the pile had been lately made, because he could see the marks of hands on the sand where the Indians had patted it down. Standish and his men dug up the sand, and soon came to a little basket full of corn.

When they dug farther, they found a large new basket full of fine corn which had been lately gathered.

The white men had never seen Indian corn before, but they thought it very beautiful. Some of the ears were yellow, and some were red. On other ears blue and yellow grains were mixed.

The Indian basket was round and narrow at the top, and it held three or four bushels of corn. It was as much as two men could do to lift it from the ground. The white men wondered to see how handsomely it was woven.

Near the pile of corn was found an old kettle which the Indians had probably bought from some ship. The white men filled this kettle with corn, and they also filled their baskets with it because they wanted it for seed.

The next summer the Pilgrims found out who were the owners of the buried corn, and paid them for all they had taken. If they had not found the corn, they would have had none to plant the next spring, and so they would have been in danger of starvation.

The people of Plymouth were taught how to plant corn by a friendly Indian named Squanto. They also learned to cook their corn as the Indians did, and to make many useful things out of the husks. In

those times people made door mats, horse collars, and beds out of corn husks, and they also twisted and wove husks to make seats for their chairs.

Of all the plants that grow in America, Indian corn was the most important to the Indians. It was also of the greatest value to the white people who came to this country.

— Edward Eggleston.

## THE WASTE COLLECTOR

One summer evening Jamie was sitting in the vine-covered arbor on the lawn. As he leaned back with half-shut eyes he heard footsteps approaching. In a moment a queer little old man stood before him with a heavy knapsack strapped on his back. He nodded to Jamie and said, "Good evening." Then he sat down and took off his hat as if he felt quite at home.

"Are you a peddler?" asked Jamie, waiting some moments for the old man to speak. But the old fellow smiled at his question, and shook his head.

"I will tell you my business," he said briskly. "I'm a collector."

"What do you collect?" inquired Jamie; "postage stamps, or coins, or autographs? I've tried collect-

ing all those things myself, and I would like to see your collection ever so much."

The old man smiled again. Then he said: "No, I don't collect things of that sort. I am a collector of waste."

"A collector of waste!" said Jamie, much puzzled. "Why, I never heard of such a collector before. I don't understand what you mean by waste. Where do you find it? What is it like?"

"That is just what I'm going to tell you," said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knapsack and laid it down. "The world is full of waste collectors like myself, only you have never been favored with a sight of one before.

"We go about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day, and sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy. Look at this knapsack and this parcel—all collected to-day."

"Dear me!" said Jamie; "I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?"

"If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste, for you've given me lots of work collecting it," replied the old man.

"I'd like to know what I've wasted to-day," exclaimed Jamie, indignantly. "Now that's nonsense."

"Is it?" said the old man, with a keen look. "Well, then, I will read from my memorandum the list of all that you have wasted to-day." He took out a small book and turned the leaves, saying, "Yes, here is your account; now listen.

"In the first place, you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then, when you were only half dressed, you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs that were fighting. So much before breakfast.

"In school you lost ten minutes drawing pictures in your copy book, and you wasted eleven minutes more over that newspaper you carried to school.

"When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair, as your mother requested, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to play, and wasted twelve minutes of your music-lesson time, besides —"

"Oh, stop! Do stop!" cried Jamie, interrupting the old man. "Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please."

"Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then — your wasted opportunities. For example, you saw a bird's nest robbed to-day, and never said a word when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles, you only laughed at him when you might have helped to pick them up.

"You let your sister take that long walk to the post office this afternoon, when you could have gone there easily on your bicycle.

"There was another wasted opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your shoe string was in a knot, and thus you wasted an opportunity of self-control. You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room — and wasted an opportunity to be polite.

"You bought chewing gum after resolving never to buy it again. Was not this a waste of both money and good resolutions? But I have read enough to prove what I said. Take pains, my dear boy. It's in your power to lighten my daily load very much. But, hark! Your mother is calling you; don't waste a moment, I beg. Good night!"

Jamie sprang from his seat and ran toward the house. The old man had vanished. — The Outlook.

## HOW THE EAGLE BECAME KING

Once upon a time when the world was very new, and when the birds had just learned how to build their nests, one of them said, "We need a king of the birds very much."

Already trouble had begun among the birds. There were disputes and quarrels and no one to settle them. Then, too, the robber birds were growing bold, and there was no one to keep them in peace and order.

So the whisper went about: "We must have a king. Whom shall we choose for our king?"

They decided to hold a great meeting of all the birds and elect a king. They agreed that the bird that could fly highest up into the blue sky, straight toward the sun, should be ruler of all the feathered tribes.

Therefore, after breakfast one beautiful morning, the birds met in the garden to choose their king. All the birds were there, from the largest to the smallest, chirping and singing on every bush and tree.

Now the eagle expected to be king. He felt sure that he could fly higher than any one else. He sat apart, on a tall pine tree, looking very grave and

noble, just as a king should look. The birds glanced at one another and nodded their heads and whispered: "He is sure to be elected king. He can fly straight up toward the sun without winking. His great wings are so strong that he never grows tired. He is sure to be king."

The eagle heard them and was pleased. But the little brown wren heard them also, and he was not pleased. He wanted to be king himself, although he was one of the smallest of birds, and could never protect the others.

"I am more clever than the eagle," he said to himself, "though he is so much bigger. I will be king in spite of him." For the wren had a great idea in his little head. He ruffled up his feathers to make himself as huge as possible, and hopped over to the branch where the eagle was sitting.

"Well, Sir Eagle," said the wren, "I suppose you expect to be king?"

The eagle stared at him with his great bright eyes. "Well, if I do, what of that?" he said. "Who will oppose me?"

"I shall," said the wren, bobbing his little brown head.

"You!" said the eagle. "Do you expect to fly higher than I?"

"Yes, I do," chirped the wren; "yes, I do!"

"Ho!" said the eagle, scornfully. "I am big and strong and brave. I can fly higher than the clouds. You, poor little thing, will be out of breath before we have gone twice the height of this tree."

"Little as I am, I can mount higher than you," said the wren.

"What will you give me if I win?" asked the eagle.

"If you win, you will be king, and I will serve you," answered the wren. "But if I win, I shall be king, and you must promise never to hurt me or any of my people."

"Very well. I promise," said the eagle. "Come now, you foolish creature, it is time for the trial."

The birds were flapping their wings and chattering eagerly. "Let us begin. We want to see who is to be king. Come, birds, to the trial. Who can fly the highest? Come!"

Then the eagle spread his great wings and mounted into the air, straight toward the noonday sun. And after him rose a number of other birds who wanted to be king. But the wren was nowhere

to be seen. The truth was, he had hopped lightly upon the eagle's head, where he sat like a tiny crest. But the eagle did not know that the little trickster was there.

Soon the other birds fell behind, one after another, and the eagle began to think that he had won an easy victory. "Where are you, poor little wren?" he cried very loudly.

"Here I am, here I am, away up above you, Master Eagle," piped the wren, in a weak voice.

"How strange that the little wren has passed me," thought the eagle, and he flew on faster and faster. Soon he called out again in a loud voice, "Well, where are you now, poor little wren?"

Once more the eagle heard the tiny shrill voice from somewhere above piping: "Here I am, here I am, nearer the sun than you are, Master Eagle. Will you give up now?"

Of course the eagle would not give up. He flew on higher and higher until the garden and the birds grew dim below. But at last even the mighty wings of the eagle were weary, for he was far above the clouds. "Surely," he thought, "now the wren is left miles behind." He gave a scream of triumph and cried: "Where are you now, poor

little wren? Can you hear me, at all, down there below?"

But what was the eagle's surprise to hear a little voice above him! "Here I am, here I am, Sir Eagle! Look up and see me, look!" And there, sure enough, he was, fluttering above the eagle's head. "Now will you agree that I have won?"

"Yes, you have won, little wren. Let us descend together, for I am weary enough," cried the eagle, and down he swooped, on heavy wings.

"Yes, let us descend together," murmured the wren, once more perching on the eagle's head.

When the eagle came near the ground, the other birds set up a cry of greeting.

"Hail, King Eagle!" they sang. "How high you flew! How near the sun! Hail, mighty King!" But the eagle stopped them.

"The wren is your king, not I," he said. "He mounted higher than I did."

"The wren? The wren? We cannot believe that the wren flew higher than you? No, no!" they all shouted. But just then the eagle lighted on a tree, and from the top of his head hopped the little wren, ruffling his feathers proudly.

"Yes, I mounted higher than he," cried the wren,

"for I was perched on his head all the while. And now, therefore, I am king, small though I be."

The eagle was very angry when he learned of the trick that had been played upon him, and he swooped down upon the sly bird to punish him. But the wren screamed, "Remember, remember your promise never to injure me or mine!" Then the eagle paused, for he was a noble bird and never forgot a promise. He folded his wings and turned away.

"Be king, then, O cheat and trickster!" he said.

"Cheat and trickster!" echoed the other birds. "We will have no such fellow for our king. Cheat and trickster he is, and he shall be punished. You shall be king, brave Eagle, for without your strength the wren could never have flown so high. It is you whom we want for our protector and lawmaker, not this sly, dishonest fellow."

So the eagle became their king, after all; and a noble bird he is, or he would never have been chosen to guard our nation's coat of arms. And besides this you may see his picture on many a banner and crest and coin of gold or silver, so famous has he become.

While the birds were trying to decide what should be done with the wren, they put him into a mouse-

hole and set Master Owl to guard the door. But the lazy old owl fell fast asleep, and the little wren stole out of prison and was far away before any one could catch him.

— Abbie Farwell Brown.

## BIRDS IN SUMMER

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wind through the rosy morn!
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space:

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper-cloud winds — oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sunlit bow,
And see how the water drops are kissed
Into green and yellow and amethyst!

— Felicia D. Hemans.

## THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—Alfred Tennyson.

## TWO HEROES

Near the Cape of Good Hope there once lived a Dutch Boer who owned a horse that was noted far and near for its beauty and intelligence. This man was kind at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his horse, and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

One day a great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds that struck them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black wings. Night was near at hand.

In the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. The winds and waves drove it straight upon a great reef of rocks, too far from the shore to reach it with a rope. The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could he heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were broken in pieces like the shells of eggs. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul be saved?

Those on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat nor raft, and their hearts were sick in them. Then the Dutch Boer was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse, with a long rope tied around his waist. Down he came to the shore, nor did he stop there one instant of time.

He spoke a word to the horse which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur, she dashed in and swam the sea to the ship's side. She wheeled, and returned through the white surge to the shore, with a row of men clinging to the rope. There she stayed but for a breath. At the soft word and touch of her master, she turned and once more plowed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old.

Once more she stood on the shore, while tears of joy fell from all eyes. The night fell down fast on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore. The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse. He put his hand to her neck, and seemed to

ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried. She swam straight out into the wild sea.

All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak, but brave. Now and then the white

surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the salt water out of her eyes. Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the shore. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength.

The work was for a life she loved more than her own. Halfway between ship and shore her strength failed. She could lift her feet no more. Her mane lay like black seaweed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath.

Then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a cry went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death nearly a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch Boer and his horse. They were as friends, one in life, one in death.

—Elihu Burritt.

*From "Chips from Many Blocks."*

## THE MATSUYAMA MIRROR

A long, long time ago there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a little daughter, whom they both loved with all their hearts. I cannot tell you their names, for they long since have been forgotten; but the name of the place where they lived was Matsuyama, in one of the provinces of Japan.

It happened once, while the little girl was still a baby, that the father was obliged to go to the great

city, the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too far for the mother and her little one to go, and so he set out alone, after bidding them good-by and promising to bring home some pretty presents for them.

The mother had never been farther from home than the next village, and she could not help being very anxious at the thought of the long journey her husband was about to take. Yet she was proud, too, for he was the first man in all that countryside who had been to the big town where the king and his great lords lived, and where there were so many beautiful and curious things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband to return; so she dressed the baby in her best clothes, and herself put on an embroidered blue robe which she knew her husband liked.

You may fancy how glad this good wife was to see him home again safe and sound, and how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought for her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen upon his long journey and in the great town which he had visited.

"I have brought you a very curious present," said

the young man to his wife. "Look, and tell me what you see inside of this."

Then he gave her a plain, white wooden box, and when she had opened it, she found a round piece of metal. One side of the metal was white like frosted silver, and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers; the other side was bright as the clearest crystal. Into its shining surface the young mother looked with wonder and delight, for there she saw smiling at her, with parted lips and bright eyes, a happy, joyous face.

"What do you see?" again asked the husband, pleased at her astonishment, and glad to show that he had learned something while he had been away.

"I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves her lips as if she were speaking, and — how very odd, she has on a blue dress like mine!"

"Why, you silly woman, it is your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of knowing something that his wife did not know. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror. In the city everybody has a mirror, but in this country place no one has ever before seen one."

The wife was charmed with her present, and for a few days could not look into the mirror often enough;

for you must remember that, as this was the first time she had seen a mirror, so of course, it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own fair face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for everyday use, and soon shut it up in its box again, and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the very image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that everybody loved her. Remembering her own passing vanity on finding herself so lovely in the mirror, the mother kept it carefully hidden away, fearing that its use might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl.

She never spoke of the mirror and the father had forgotten all about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks, or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by and by a sad misfortune came upon this happy little family. The good, kind mother became ill; and although her daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, the sick woman grew

worse and worse, until at last they knew that she must soon die.

When she found that she must leave her husband and child, the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she should see no more, and most of all for her little daughter.

She called the girl to her and said: "My darling child, you know that I am very ill: soon I must die, and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone, promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning: there you will see me and know that I am still watching over you."

With these words she took the mirror from the secret place where it was kept, and gave it to her daughter. The child promised, with many tears, to obey, and the mother, having become calm and resigned, died within a short time.

Now this obedient and dutiful daughter never forgot her mother's last request, but each morning and evening took the mirror from its hiding place and looked in it long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother; not pale and sickly as she was in her last days, but young and beautiful as in the days of long ago.

To her mother at night the young girl told the story of the trials and difficulties of the day; and to her mother in the morning she looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived as in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had always done, and careful always to avoid whatever might pain or grieve her. The maiden's greatest joy was to be able to look into the mirror and say: "Mother, I have been to-day what you would have me to be."

Seeing that his daughter looked into the mirror every night and morning, and seemed to hold converse with it, her father at length asked her the reason of her strange behavior.

"Father," she said, "I look into the mirror every day to see my dear mother and to talk with her." Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and that she had never failed to fulfill it.

Touched by so much simplicity, and such faithful, loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection. Nor could he find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was but the reflection of her own sweet face becoming day by day more and more like her dead mother's.

## THE FAITHFUL SON

THE Chinese tell a story of Nang, who was the son of a poor rice farmer.

When Nang was twelve years old, he wanted to be a soldier, and asked his father's permission to enter the army. But his father said: "Who then will till the rice fields if you go? For I am a cripple, and thou hast six brothers and sisters younger than thyself."

So the boy stayed at home and tilled the rice fields. One summer a famine came, and his brothers and sisters died.

The years went on, and by and by he was twenty-four years old, and again he asked his father for permission to go away and learn to be a soldier.

"There is yet time for me to serve the Emperor," said Nang, "and to do mighty deeds."

"Thy mother is bedridden," said his father. "Who, then, will cook her rice, or watch by her at night?"

So the young man stayed at home, and cheerfully took care of his mother for ten years. When she died he still remained, for then his father needed his care. Each morning Nang carried his aged father on his back to the rice fields, and brought him home again at night, in order that the poor old man might not be alone at any time.

When Nang, the humble rice farmer, was a gray-haired man, there came one day to him a messenger from the palace. The Emperor had awarded to Nang, the faithful son, the golden medal that was given to the officers who had been bravest in war. And this proclamation was made to the nation: —

"No soldier has served me more faithfully than he who has taught filial piety to my people."

*From the Chinese.* —Elizabeth P. Bemis.

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Whoever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,
Give joy wherever you dwell.

—John Ruskin.

## SPRING IS COMING

"SPRING, where are you waiting now?
Why are you so long unfelt?
Winter went a month ago,
When the snows began to melt."

"I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower, and with the leaf:
Till I come the time is brief.

"I am coming, I am coming:
Hark! the little bee is humming:
See! the lark is soaring high,
In the bright and sunny sky;
All the birds are on the wing:
Little maiden, now is spring.

"See! the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks of green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their modest leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

"Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd;
All the birds are singing loud,
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

"Little maiden, look around thee,
Green and flowery fields surround thee;
Every little stream is bright,
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

"Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven;
God for thee the spring has given;
So mayst thou mid blessings dwell;
Little maiden, fare thee well."

— Mary Howitt.

## SPRING HAS COME

She brings the bright hours,
She weaves the sweet flowers,
Oh, the Spring — the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on everything!

— Barry Cornwall.

SPRING HAS COME

When wake the violets, Winter dies;
  When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
  "Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## MARCH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon;
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

— William Wordsworth.

## THE BIRDS AND I

The springtime belongs to the birds and to me. We own it. We know when the mayflowers and the buttercups bloom. We know when the first frogs peep. We watch the awakening of the woods. We are wet by the warm April showers. We go where we will, and we are companions. Every tree and brook and blade of grass is ours; and our hearts are full of song.

There are boys who kill the birds, and girls who want to catch them and put them into cages; and there are others who steal their eggs. The birds are not partners with them; they are only servants. Birds, like people, sing for their friends, not for their masters. I am sure that one cannot think much of the springtime and the flowers if his heart is always set upon killing or catching something. We are happy when we are free; and so are the birds.

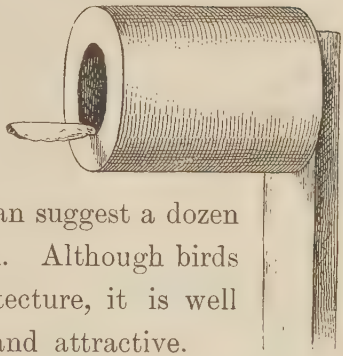
The birds and I get newly acquainted every spring. They have seen strange lands in the winter, and all the brooks and woods have been covered with snow. So we run and romp together, and find all the nooks and crannies which we had half forgotten since October. The birds remember the old

places. The wrens pull the sticks from the old hollow rail and seem to be wild with joy to see the place again. They must be the same wrens that were here last year and the year before, for strangers could not make so much fuss over an old rail. The bluebirds and wrens look into every crack and corner for a place in which to build, and the robins and chipping sparrows explore every tree in the old orchard.

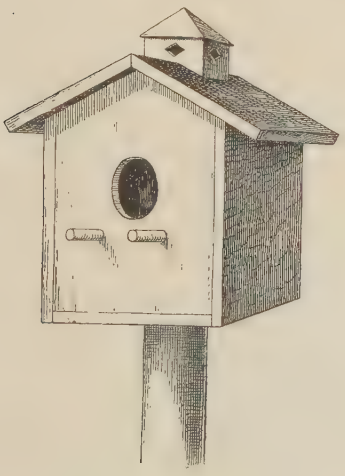
If the birds want to live with us, we should encourage them. The first thing to do is to let them alone. Let them be as free from danger and fear as you or I. Take the hammer off the old gun, give pussy so much to eat that she will not care to hunt for birds, and keep away the boys who steal eggs and who carry sling-shots and throw stones. Plant trees and bushes about the borders of the place, and let some of them, at least, grow into tangles; then, even in the back yard, the wary catbird may make its home.

For some kinds of birds we can build houses. These houses should be placed on poles or on buildings in somewhat secluded places. Martins and tree swallows like to build their nests twenty-five feet or more above the ground, but the other birds usually

prefer an elevation less than twelve feet. Birds which build in houses, aside from doves and pigeons, are bluebirds, wrens, tree swallows, martins, and sometimes the chickadees. Any ingenious boy can suggest a dozen patterns which can be used. Although birds may not appreciate architecture, it is well to make the houses neat and attractive.

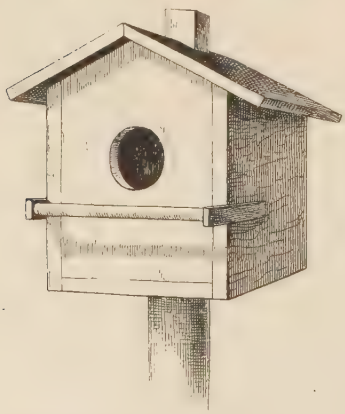


One can easily make a house with several compartments; for there are some birds, as martins, tree swallows, and pigeons, that like to live in families or colonies. The doorway should be just large enough to admit the bird. A larger opening exposes the inhabitants to dangers from cats and other enemies. Only one opening should be provided for each house or compartment. A perch or doorstep should be provided just below each door. It is here that



the birds often stop to arrange their toilets; and when the mistress is busy with domestic affairs indoors, the male bird often sits outside and entertains her with the latest neighborhood gossip. Newly made houses, and particularly newly painted ones, do not often attract the birds.

But if the birds and I are companions, I must know them more intimately. Merely building houses for them is not enough. I want to know live and happy birds, not dead ones. We are not to know them, then, by catching them, or stuffing them, or collecting their eggs. Persons who make a business of studying birds may shoot birds now and then and collect their eggs.



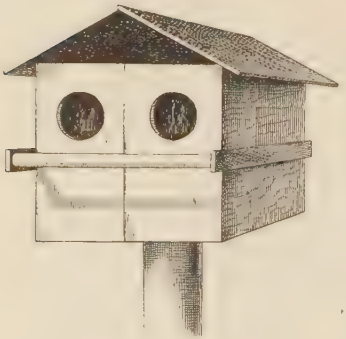
But even these persons do not take specimens recklessly. They do not rob nests. They do not kill brooding birds. They do not make collections merely for the sake of making them; and even their collections are less valuable than a knowledge of the bird as it lives and flies and sings. The naturalist cares

more for things as they really are in their own homes than for specimens in the museums. One does not love the birds when he steals their eggs and breaks up their homes; and in so doing he deprives the farmer of some of his best friends, for birds keep insects in check.

Stuffed birds do not sing, and empty eggs do not hatch. Then let us go to the fields and watch the birds. Sit down on the soft grass and try to make out what the robin is doing on yonder fence or why the wren is bursting with song in the thicket. An opera glass or spyglass will bring them close to you, and enable you to study them.

Try to find out not only what the colors and shapes and sizes are, but what their habits are. What does the bird eat? How much does it eat? Where is its nest? How many eggs does it lay? What color are they? How long does the mother bird sit on the eggs? Does the father bird bring her food when she is sitting? How long do the young birds remain in the nest? Who feeds them? What are they fed? Is there more than one brood in a season? Where do the birds go after breeding? Do they change their plumage? Are the mother birds and father birds unlike in size or color? How many kinds of birds do you know?

I have told you some of the things that every boy and girl can find out by watching the birds. There is no harm in visiting their nests if one does it in the right way. Here are some cautions to be carefully observed: Watch only those nests which can be seen without climbing, for if you have to climb the tree the birds will resent it.



Make your visit when the birds are absent, if possible; at least, never scare the bird from its nest. Do not touch the eggs or the nest, and let your visit be very short. Fix in your mind just what you want to see, then look into the nest quickly and pass on. Do not go too often; once or twice a day will be sufficient. Do not take other children with you, for you are then likely to stay too long and to offend the birds.

Now let us see how intimately you can become acquainted with some bird this summer.

—L. H Bailey.

## A SONG OF EASTER

Sing, children, sing!
And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking
And that Death no more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult
Of the slowly brightening Spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings
Till the frosty echoes ring!

Along the eaves the icicles
No longer glittering cling,
And the crocus in the garden
Lifts its bright face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly
The brooks begin to run,
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the Spring;
Sing, little children, sing! — Celia Thaxter.

## THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

The Baltimore oriole is a very showy bird, in his bright orange and black plumage. He has a fine though short song. His mate is yellow and brown instead of orange and black, and she too has a sweet song of her own. Both of them can scold as well as any birds I know.

The nest of the Baltimore oriole is one of the prettiest of bird homes. It is usually hung high up in a tall elm or willow tree, near the end of a branch, where it swings in the wind. It is a deep bag woven of plant fibers, bits of string, and other things. The nest has a gray tint and a silky look, which makes it very attractive.

While the mother bird is sitting on the nest, her mate remains near by and pours forth his joyous song; but when feeding time comes, he works as hard as the mother does in stuffing the hungry mouths of the little ones.

As soon as the nestlings leave the nest, they all go away together in a little party. Then one who observes closely may often see the father oriole going quietly about on the ground, with two or three little ones running after him, calling to be fed.

During these busy days his voice is silent. But sometimes, after the young ones have learned to feed themselves, his song is again heard, and it continues until the departure of the family for their warm winter home in Central America.

It is an anxious time in the bird world when the young orioles are leaving the nest. The old birds make such a commotion over their troubles that the entire neighborhood is disturbed. Often a nestling falls from the nest to the ground, and to hear the cries of the parent birds over the accident, one would think that their birdling had fallen into the claws of the hungry cat.

They fly about, shrieking and calling, almost beside themselves with anxiety, for they are very fond of their little folks. The youngsters, however, are plucky little fellows. Flying and hopping along the ground, a young oriole will make his way to a tree and then try to climb the trunk. If the bark on the tree happens to be rough, he succeeds very well. He flutters a little way up, and then holds on by the claws till rested. Then he flies a little farther, and in this way he finally reaches a branch.

If the tree has a smooth trunk, the young climber's troubles are great. Sometimes he will scramble up

till he comes to a leaf that grows out from the trunk, where he hangs until he is able to go on. But often the little fellow is unable to keep his hold, and falls back into the grass. I have several times picked up a frightened birdling from the ground, and put him upon the branch of a tree.

A friend told me an interesting little story, showing how helpful birds are to one another. A Baltimore oriole was found lying on the ground with his wing broken so that he could not fly. The kind-hearted people fixed him comfortably in an attic. They intended to feed him and care for him until he got well and was able to use his wings.

They left him there with a window open, so that his wild friends of the air could bring him food if they wished. A little while afterward one of the people in the house went up to the attic to see the interesting invalid. Behold, he was gone!

They looked for him everywhere, for they knew he could not fly. Suddenly they heard an excited chattering of orioles out in the yard. Then they looked carefully over a tree near the window, and there they saw the broken-winged bird in the midst of a flock of other birds.

Of course the outside birds had been called in by

the captive, and they must have carried him out of the attic window in some way.

Those who have watched the little feathered creatures have seen them care for their wounded. Sometimes two birds, each taking in his beak a wing of their helpless comrade, fly away with him. But sometimes a single bird helps another by getting under the injured one and so holding him up until he reaches a place of safety.

— Olive Thorne Miller.

## THE ORIOLE'S NEST SONG

Here comes a rocking breeze;
With a low whistle,
He will swing the little house
Where my birds nestle.
Feather of the dandelion,
Silk of the thistle
Make the pretty blankets
For their bed.

Four babies in a pouch,
A little grass stocking!
Easily could I myself
Do all the rocking;

But I love to hear the breeze
Tip-tap, knocking,
And the apple leaves a-rustle
Overhead.

Hark, hark, the rocking breeze
Through the leaves creeping!
Shut all your yellow bills,
Hush your low cheeping!
Swing, swing a lullaby —
Swing, swing, sleeping
In the silken thistle blankets
Of your bed.

— Clara Doty Bates.

## THE LITTLE BROWN WREN

There's a little brown wren that has built in our tree,
And she's scarcely as big as a big bumble-bee;
She has hollowed a house in the heart of a limb,
And made the walls tidy, and made the floor trim,
With the down of the crowfoot, with tow and with straw,
The coziest dwelling that ever you saw.

This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes,
And a foot of a very diminutive size;
Her tail is as trig as the sail of a ship;
She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip;
And her voice — but the flute were more fit than a pen
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.

One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by,
And cast on the wren's house an envious eye;
With a strut of bravado and toss of the head,
"I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow said;
So straightway he mounted on impudent wing,
And entered the door without pausing to ring.

An instant — and swiftly that feathery knight,
All tousled and tumbled, in terror took flight,
While there by the door on her favorite perch,
As neat as a lady just starting for church,
With this song on her lips, "*He will not call again*
*Unless he is asked,*" said the little brown wren.

— Clinton Scollard.

## THE SHIP OF FANCY

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she;
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

— Gabriel Setoun.

## THE SQUIRREL AND THE WOLF

A Squirrel was leaping from limb to limb, and fell right upon a sleeping Wolf. The Wolf jumped up, and was going to devour him. But the Squirrel begged the Wolf to let him go.

The Wolf said, "All right, I will let you go on condition that you tell me why it is that you Squirrels are always so happy. I am always melancholy, but I see you playing and leaping all the time in the trees."

The Squirrel said, "Let me go first, and then I will tell you, but now I am afraid of you."

The Wolf let him go, and the Squirrel leaped up into a tree, and from there it said, "You are melancholy because you are bad. Wickedness consumes your heart. But we are happy because we are good, and do no one any harm." — Lyof N. Tolstoi.

## THROUGH THE WOOD

"CARL," said his master, "you have been my faithful swineherd these three years, and, as yet, I have given you nothing. Go and sell half of my herd in the town that lies at the other side of the forest, and the money shall be yours."

"Mine? my own?" said Carl to himself, as he drove the swine before him into the wood.

"Your own, Carl," said a voice, close to his ear.

Carl turned, and saw that an old man was walking beside him, with a book in his hand. Carl peeped over the old man's shoulder, and tried to read what was written in the book.

"Trying to peep into my book, I see," said the old man.

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon!" said Carl.

"No offense, no offense, I assure you," answered the other; "sit down by me, and you shall read as much as you like."

The pigs were busy picking up chestnuts just then; so Carl sat down by the old man, and looked into his book.

"It is curious, but not interesting," said Carl, for it was only a list of names.

"Do you see nothing that interests you?" asked his companion.

"I see that one of the names is written in gilt letters," said Carl. "What is that for?"

"That name is the name of a king," answered the old man, shutting his book.

"And what is a king, pray?" asked Carl. "I have never seen one, though I have been a swineherd these three years and walked about a good deal."

"You may see one this evening, however," answered the old man, "for the people of yonder city to which you are going expect to find a king to-day. They have been looking for one a long time. The throne is standing ready in the market-

place, the crown rests before it on a crimson cushion, and all the people are waiting to bow down. They are sure that the king will come to-day, and this time, I believe, they will not be disappointed."

"I will walk on, then," said Carl, "for certainly I should like to see him." So he walked after his pigs, and left the old man sitting in the wood.

Presently Carl overtook a thin, miserable-looking donkey, who was trying in vain to drag after him a cart load of wood.

"Good Master Carl," said the donkey, "will you not take pity on me, and help me with this load a little way? I am so tired, I shall never reach my master's cabin."

"Never despair, my good friend," said Carl to the donkey, as he placed himself behind the cart and began to push it along. But this was very hard work, and Carl was not fond of hard work, so by and by he said to the donkey, "That will do now, I think; you can go your way and I will go mine!"

"But I can't go my way," said the donkey, standing still and beginning to bray.

"Now I really think you are a little unreasonable," said Carl to the donkey. "Look what a long distance I have pushed your cart for you. I must run

after my pigs now, for they are quite a way before me."

But the donkey went on braying. There is no doubt he was very unreasonable.

"He can't help being a donkey, and I suppose he is very tired," said Carl to himself, and he went on pushing the donkey's cart until the poor beast reached his master's cabin.

"Thank you, thank you, good master Carl," said the donkey, with tears in his eyes.

"Good-by," said Carl, as he ran after his pigs. They had found a bed of acorns, and were making a capital dinner. "So I think I may as well eat mine," said Carl, as he sat down, and pulled his bread and cheese out of his pocket.

"Master Carl," said a little voice at his elbow, and Carl saw a wee rabbit sitting beside him.

"Now, little rabbit," said Carl, "I do hope you're not going to ask for some bread and cheese, for I am very hungry, and there's not nearly enough for us both."

"Then I must go without my dinner," remarked the little rabbit.

"I cannot let you do that," answered Carl, "for no doubt you are as hungry as I am. You shall have

some of the bread and cheese." Then he fed the rabbit out of his hand, and kept only a little piece for himself.

"I am very much obliged to you," said the rabbit, when she got up to go away.

"Well, I really think you ought to be," answered Carl, "for I am quite hungry yet." But the pigs were moving again, and Carl walked after them.

It was a delightful afternoon, just the day when it is worth while to be a swineherd, for the sake of walking in a wood. The sunbeams danced upon the leaves of the beech trees, and glistened on their white, smooth trunks. The lightest possible summer winds ran up and down amongst the blades of grass, now and then resting upon a flower.

White and colored butterflies flew about, carrying the messages of buttercups to the stumps of old trees, instead of to the handsome poppies and dandelions for whom they were certainly meant. The birds were not singing; only a little rustling amongst the leaves, a lazy hum from the gnats and dragon flies, and now and then a grasshopper's chirp were heard; these were the only sounds, except the grunting of Carl's pigs. On they went, through the wood, and Carl after them. But suddenly he stopped,

for he saw some one sitting under a tree. It was a beggar, all in rags, looking so miserable it would have made your heart ache to look at him.

Carl went up to the beggar, and said, "I am very sorry for you. Can I do anything?"

"God bless you, my dear little master!" answered the beggar. "Look how sore my feet are from walking so long upon the stony ground without shoes or stockings."

"You shall have mine," said Carl, sitting down and pulling off his shoes and stockings directly.

"And from having no hat on," continued the beggar, "the sun has made my eyes quite weak."

"I see," answered Carl, "and my eyes will very soon become weak if I give you my hat, but I will, nevertheless. So here it is, and good-by," said Carl, as he put his hat on the beggar's head and ran on without one.

"Now I must really keep my eye on these pigs," said Carl, "for here we are at the mouth of the enchanted cave, and the Little Men will be stealing them away from me if I don't keep a sharp look-out."

"Carl! oh, Carl!" said a voice from the ground.

"Where are you?" asked Carl.

"Here, under this stone."

"Speak a little louder, will you?" said Carl. "I can't hear what you say, and I don't like to turn my head round, for I must look at my pigs."

"Here I am, then," said the voice, "almost crushed beneath the stone just under your right foot; will you not stoop down and lift up the stone and save me?"

"Can't you wait till I've passed the cavern, and then I'll come back to you?" said Carl, still looking at his pigs.

"And in the meantime I shall be crushed to death," answered the voice.

"Good-by, my pigs, then," shouted Carl, as he stooped down and lifted the stone from the back of a half-dead worm.

"I thank you, Carl," said the worm, feebly; "now go and look after your pigs."

"But they're all gone," said Carl. And so they were.

In at the mouth of the enchanted cave the Little Men had enticed them all, just in that very moment when Carl was lifting up the stone.

"And once gone in there, it's not at all likely they'll ever come out again," said Carl; "but I'll go

to the town, at any rate, and see whether the king is come."

"What do you want here, Carl?" asked the porter, at the gate of the city.

"I came to sell my pigs," answered Carl.

"Where are they?" asked the porter.

"I've lost them all," answered Carl.

"Then come with me to the market place," said the porter; and he led Carl to the market place, where the throne was standing still empty — the crown before it on the crimson cushion, and the people waiting all round. In front of the throne stood the old man who had spoken to Carl in the morning, and beside him Carl saw the donkey, the rabbit, the beggar, and the worm, and a whole army of soldiers, who had been Carl's pigs.

"Carl," asked the old man, "where have you been to-day?"

"Through the wood," answered Carl.

"What have you been doing there?"

"Indeed, I hardly know," answered Carl.

"Carl helped me with my load of wood," said the donkey.

"Carl fed me with his own dinner," said the rabbit.

"Carl gave me his cap and shoes," said the beggar.

"Carl saved me from being crushed to death," said the worm.

"Citizens," said the old man, "what do you think of Carl?"

Then all the people shouted: "Carl is the king! Carl is the king!"

"And I never knew it," said Carl to the old man.

— *Old English Tale.*

## BROTHER GOAT AND BROTHER RABBIT

Long ago when the fairies and elves still dwelt in our land, Brother Goat and Brother Rabbit lived in the same neighborhood not far from each other.

Proud of his long beard and his sharp horns, Brother Goat was very scornful of Brother Rabbit.

He would scarcely speak to him when he met him, and his greatest pleasure was to play cruel tricks upon him.

"Brother Rabbit, here is Master Fox," he would cry, and Brother Rabbit would run away at once and as fast as he could.

"Brother Rabbit, here is Master Wolf," and Brother Rabbit would tremble in every limb.

"Brother Rabbit, here is Master Tiger," and Brother Rabbit would shudder, and believe that his last hour had come.

Weary of this sad life, Brother Rabbit tried to think of some way of changing his terrible neighbor into a friend.

He decided upon a plan, and Brother Goat was invited to dinner. The meal was long and abundant. Nothing was lacking. The best dishes were served. Brother Goat licked his long beard with satisfaction. Never had he tasted such a feast.

When they were eating the dessert, Brother Rabbit said, "Well, my friend, are you pleased with your dinner?"

"No one could wish for more, my dear host; only my throat is very dry, and a little water would not be a bad thing."

"Upon my word, Brother Goat, I have no well, and I never drink during a meal," said Brother Rabbit.

"I have an idea, Brother Rabbit. I have no well either. If you will go over there by the poplar tree with me, we will dig a well together."

Brother Rabbit thought that now he might revenge himself.

"No, Brother Goat," said he; "at dawn I drink the dew from the cup of the flowers, and during the heat of the day, when I am thirsty, I milk the cows."

"Very well, I alone shall dig the well, and I alone shall use it."

"Good luck to you, Brother Goat!"

"Thank you, my good little friend Rabbit."

Brother Goat went over to the foot of the tree and began to dig his well. It grew larger and larger and became deeper and deeper. At last it was finished, and the water gushed out. Brother Goat drank until he was satisfied.

Brother Rabbit, who had followed him, began to laugh from behind a flowering bush. "Ah, my poor friend, how innocent you are!" he could not help saying.

The next day, when the goat with his great beard and pointed horns came to draw some water from his well, he noticed the footprints of little Rabbit still marked in the soft earth.

Brother Goat thought deeply. He scratched his head, pulled his beard, and tapped himself on the forehead. At length he exclaimed, "My good friend, I am going to catch you."

Then he ran at once, seized his tools, and made a large doll out of laurel wood. Next, he smeared it with tar, here, there, on the right, on the left, above and below, until it was as black as black could be. This done, Brother Goat waited calmly until evening.

When the sun was set, he ran and placed his doll upon the edge of the well and hid himself behind the trees and bushes. The moon had just risen, and the sky glittered with thousands of bright lights.

Brother Rabbit believed that the right time had come; so he took his bucket and started out in search of some water. On the way he was afraid of being seen, and trembled at the least rustle of the leaves and the slightest breath of wind.

He hopped along, now hiding behind a hillock and now crouching behind a tuft of grass.

At last Brother Rabbit came to the well. He saw the tar baby. Frightened, he stopped, advanced, retreated, advanced, and stopped again.

"What is that?" he said to himself. He listened, but the grass did not speak; the leaves and the

branches were silent. He winked his eyes and lowered his head.

"Well, my friend, who are you?" The tar baby did not stir. Brother Rabbit went a little nearer and then called again. The doll did not answer.

Brother Rabbit breathed more easily — then he approached the edge of the well. But when he looked into the water, the tar baby looked in also.

Brother Rabbit grew red with anger. "Little one," said he, "if you look into the well, I shall hit you on the nose." Brother Rabbit bent over the edge of the well, and saw the doll laughing at him in the water.

He raised his right hand and struck her. Bang! Ah! his hand stuck fast.

"What is this? Let me go, or I shall hit you in the eye with my other hand."

Bing! He struck her again.

Ah! the left hand stuck fast also. Brother Rabbit raised his right foot. "Little Tar Baby, pay attention to my words! Do you see this foot? That foot I am going to send into your stomach if you do not let me go instantly."

No sooner said than done. Boom! The foot stuck fast. Brother Rabbit raised the other foot.

"Do you see this one! If I kick you with this, you will think that you are struck by lightning." Then he kicked her with his left foot. Bam!

And this foot stuck fast also. Brother Rabbit held his wooden doll very close.

"See here, little one, I have already fought many people with my forehead. Listen, or I will break your ugly head into little pieces. Let me go! Ha! Ha! You do not answer?" He struck the tar baby with his head. Bim!

"Little Tar Baby, are you dead? Ah me! how my head sticks!"

When the sun rose, Brother Goat came to the edge of the well for news of his little friend Rabbit. The result was even better than he had hoped for.

"Ha! Ha! Little rascal, big rascal! Ha! Ha! Brother Rabbit, what are you doing there? I thought you drank the dew from the perfumed cups of the flowers or milked the cows. Ha! Ha! Brother Rabbit, I am going to punish you for stealing water from my well."

"I am your friend," cried Brother Rabbit; "do not kill me!"

"Thief, thief!" exclaimed Brother Goat, and he ran quickly into the woods, gathered a great pile of dry branches, and made a fire. Then he came back to get little Rabbit to burn him alive. But as he was passing near a patch of briers, with Brother Rabbit over his shoulder, Brother Goat met his daughter, who was walking in the fields.

"Where are you going, father, with such a heavy load?" said she. "Come and eat the fresh grass with me, and throw the wicked Brother Rabbit into this brier patch."

The clever little thief pricked up his ears at this, and pretended to be afraid.

"No! No! Brother Goat," cried he; "do not throw me into the brier patch. The thorns will tear my flesh, scratch out my eyes, and pierce my heart.. Oh, I beg of you, rather throw me into the fire!"

"Ha! Ha! little rascal, big rascal. Ha! Ha! Brother Rabbit, you do not like the brambles? Very well, then go and laugh in them." And, with that, the goat threw him into the brier patch without pity.

Brother Rabbit rolled down through the brambles and then began to laugh.

"Ho! Ho! Brother Goat," cried he, "how stupid you are! A better bed I could not have! I was born in a brier patch!"

Brother Goat was in despair, but Brother Rabbit had saved his life by his presence of mind.

A long beard is not always a sign of wisdom.

*From "Tales of Evening."* — FREDERICK ORTOLI.

## JACK IN THE PULPIT

JACK in the pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.
Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his low, painted pulpit,
This calm Sabbath day.

Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Penciled by Nature's hand
Black, brown, and green.
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister bee, —
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres —
Bird voices singing —
These are his choirs.

Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets —
Some red and some white;

Daisies, their fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold in their hair;
Wildwood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning,
In purple gauze dressed; —

All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day,
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

So much for the preacher;
The sermon comes next.
Shall we tell how he preached it
And what was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded to-day, —
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss; —
We looked at the people,
And they looked at us.

We saw all their dresses,
Their colors and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes.
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit
We heard not a word.

— Clara Smith

## AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A LION

Some years ago, a Hottentot boy was in the service of a Boer farmer in the Orange River Territory. This part of South Africa was at that time much infested by lions.

It was the lad's duty to drive his master's cattle to pasture every morning, and to bring them back to the farm at night. This employment left many idle hours on his hands; and what boy could, under such circumstances, resist an occasional ramble after the honeybird, or in search of ostrich eggs, or of some other treasure so pleasing to boy nature?

The cattle, during their keeper's absence, generally proved quite capable of taking care of themselves. But on one occasion, when the Hottentot counted the herd over before driving them home, he perceived that a fine cow was missing. In one of his truant absences she had doubtless wandered away from the rest. To search for her at that time was impossible, and he could only trust to the carelessness of the upper servants, who often neglected to count over the animals as they entered the fold, or kraal.

In this hope he was not deceived. The loss

passed unnoticed, and he resolved it should be replaced, if possible, before it was discovered. Without telling any one, he set out at once, in quest of the missing cow. He took with him a little dried meat and a gourd containing water, and started at a pace which few of his countrymen could equal, fleet of foot as they are.

The dread of the whip of rhinoceros hide made him forget the dangers of his lonely journey. An hour or two of daylight still remained, and he had no difficulty in finding the trail of the lost animal. The unerring intelligence of his race enabled him to distinguish it from that of any other of the herd, and he followed it steadily until the failing light hid it from his view. He was now obliged to halt and give up the pursuit for that night, and he did so, although he felt the greatest uneasiness for the safety of the cow.

His own safety also became a matter of anxiety as night closed in and he found himself alone in that desolate country, far from all human help, and without any means of defense. He was not long in resolving what to do. He was determined, at all hazards, to find his lost charge. Besides, it would have been madness to attempt to retrace his steps in

the dark; so, after marking with his stick the spot at which he had left the trail of the missing cow, he looked about for some place in which he could pass the night.

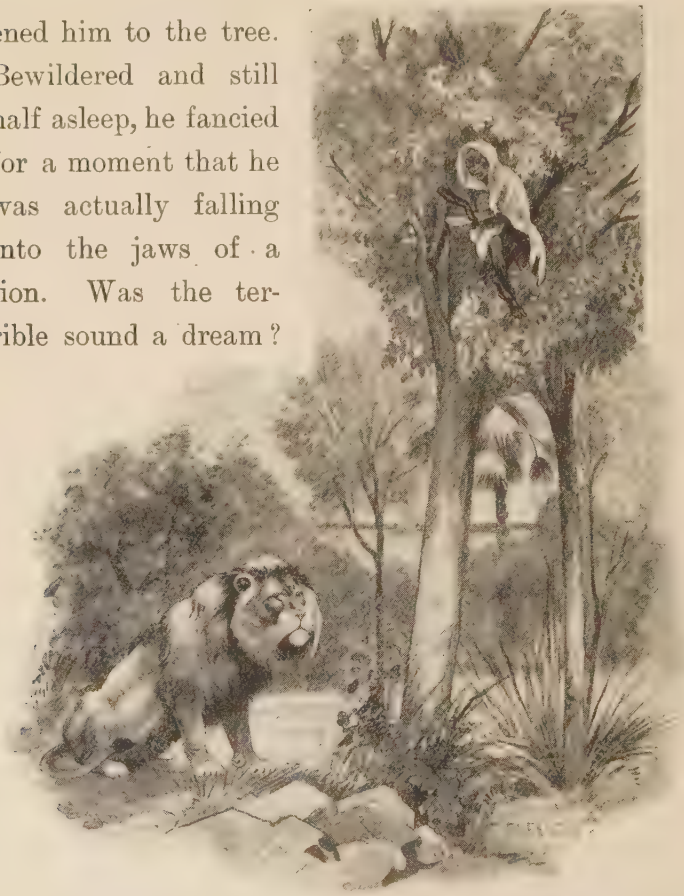
Selecting an acacia tree which grew close by, he lost no time in climbing up and settling himself in a fork of its branches. He ate and drank sparingly, keeping a supply of food for the morrow. Then he lashed himself to the main branch of the tree with his waist belt, drew his sheepskin blanket over his head, and composed himself to sleep.

It was a still night. The silence was broken only at intervals by the shrill notes of the screech owl, the howl of the jackal, and the dreary laugh of the hyena. But the Hottentot was too well accustomed to these sounds to be kept awake by them.

How long he slept he did not know, but he was aroused by a noise far different from any of those which had mingled with his dreams — a noise which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Full and deep rose the dreadful sound, waking all the echoes for miles around, yet seeming to come from under his very feet — the terrible roar of a hungry lion!

Loud as the noise was, it did not fully awaken the

tired boy, though it made him start till he strained the belt which fastened him to the tree. Bewildered and still half asleep, he fancied for a moment that he was actually falling into the jaws of a lion. Was the terrible sound a dream?



A second roar thoroughly awakened him, and looking down he saw in the moonlight a large black-maned

lion seated at the foot of the tree. The eyes of the animal were fixed on the boy, and his body was motionless, save for an occasional angry lash of his tail.

It was a dreadful moment, and the hours which followed were more dreadful still. All through that awful night the savage beast sat watching his intended victim. The terrified boy lay motionless, afraid to stir, almost afraid to breathe. At last his cramped attitude became unbearable. Come what might, he felt that he must stretch his stiffened limbs for a moment; and, as noiselessly as possible, he changed his position.

But he paid dearly for this momentary relief; for, at his first cautious movement, the lion rose with a roar, and sprang at the tree. The Hottentot's blood ran cold. As he threw himself back and coiled his limbs into a still more cramped position, he could hear the deadly claws tearing at the bark of the tree with a sound which might well make his heart die within him.

Again the disappointed animal took up his post at the foot of the tree. And now the moon began to wane, and again the sudden darkness came down on the face of the earth and brought a brief respite to the prisoner in the acacia tree.

Under its friendly shelter the lad could at least stretch his stiff legs. In spite of the horror of his situation, he dozed from time to time, always waking with a start, and wondering if all this were a reality or a dream. He was finally awakened by the raw, cold air which precedes the dawn, and by a herd of antelopes rushing by.

It may be imagined with what breathless suspense he watched for the day, and how eagerly he listened for some sound which might show him whether or not the lion was still there. All too soon, however, the light grew stronger, and by degrees showed him the grim form beneath him — the gleaming white teeth, the cruel eyes, still glaring up at him, the black mane, the savage face. Through all those long hours the lion had not stirred.

More wretched hours dragged on, and the hot sun rose, darting its burning rays on the poor Hottentot till his brain throbbed painfully. The lion, too, was greatly distressed. His tongue lolled out of his mouth, and he lashed his flanks uneasily with his tail.

At last, toward noon, heat and thirst seemed to overcome the beast. With a throbbing heart, the lad saw him move slowly off. But he was mistaken

if he supposed that the relentless animal would abandon his prey so easily. The lion stalked away a few paces, and then looking back with a low growl stopped. This action he repeated every minute or two until he reached a pool of water some distance from the tree. Here he quenched his thirst, and then returned to his post. In despair the Hottentot saw day fade again into evening, and evening into night.

It is useless to describe that second night; it was worse than the first. The fearful end seemed more certain, and mind and body were worn out with terror and weariness. But the boy was somewhat cheered by the failure of the lion's repeated attempts to reach him.

When daylight returned, after refreshing himself with a little food and water, he ventured to climb to a higher branch, whence he could see in the direction of his master's farm. His last hope now was that some of the servants might discover his absence, and come in search of him. Long and wearily did he strain his eyes toward his home.

The rage of the lion, when he saw his prisoner no more, was fearful to behold. He tore up the ground, bit the tree, and furrowed it with his claws. But the boy felt more secure in his new position, and

the very peril of his situation gave him courage. Through all the hot hours of that long day he remained on the lookout, often fancying that he saw his master or some of his stalwart sons coming to the rescue.

But every hope ended in disappointment. At last, late in the afternoon, he gave up in utter despair, and prepared, with a sinking heart, to return to his former place in the tree, the only one in which he could fasten himself securely. As he began his cautious descent his eye caught sight of four dark objects in the distance coming toward him. Did his longing hope deceive him again?

This time he was not mistaken; for presently he could see clearly that four men were approaching on horseback. Taking off his sheepskin cloak, the boy waved it over his head, shouting with all his strength. "A lion! a lion!" long before his voice could reach his deliverers.

The riders, meanwhile, came steadily on; and now he could recognize them, the old farmer himself heading the party, two of his tall sons, rifle in hand, and a Hottentot servant carrying a flint musket. The lion was raging furiously, maddened by the cries and gestures of his prisoner, who thought only

of warning the advancing horsemen of their danger before they came upon the animal unawares.

Suddenly the servant, who had dismounted and was following the trail on foot, stopped and looked up. He pointed toward the tree, and then in an instant, he was on his horse, and the whole party came on at a brisk gallop. This was a moment of great suspense to the poor worn-out boy, who could hardly find voice to send out his warning cry, "A lion! a lion!" Suddenly the horsemen halted — they had seen the lion.

At the same moment, the magnificent beast became aware of their presence, and with leisurely pace advanced a short distance to meet them. Then he stood still, moving his tail slowly from side to side, and uttering a low, deep growl. His rage was terrible. The riders hastily dismounted and tied the horses together, with their heads turned away from the angry lion.

And now the men came forward on foot, all moving slowly and cautiously, and each with a finger on the trigger of his gun. The lion moved a step or two toward them, then suddenly crouched down with his head resting on his fore paws, and so remained until his enemies were within twenty paces

of him. Then he began slowly and noiselessly to rise to his feet.

As slowly and as noiselessly did the old farmer drop on his knee, the others following his example. The four men raised their guns to their shoulders, and as the lion was in the act of springing, the sharp crack of the three rifles and the report of the flint musket were heard at the same instant. There was a terrible roar of pain and baffled rage, and the noble animal bounded forward in his agony, and fell dead at the feet of the farmer and his sons.

*From "Four Hundred Animal Stories."* — ROBERT COCHRANE.

## THE LETTER "H"

### A RIDDLE

On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;

'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is
crowned.

Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.

'Twill soften the heart; but though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Set in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

— Catherine M. Fanshawe.

## A SPRING MORNING

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world.

— Robert Browning.

## BETTER THAN GOLD

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come —
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And center there, are better than gold.

— Alexander Smart.

## THE WINDMILL

Behold! a giant am I
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;

For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## IN SCHOOL DAYS

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, because they love him.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK

One blind from birth asked a man who could see, "What color is milk?"

The man who could see replied, "The color of milk is like white paper."

The blind man asked, "This color, then, rustles in the hands like paper?"

The man who could see replied, "No, it is simply white, like a rabbit."

The blind man asked, "Then it is downy and soft, like a rabbit, is it?"

The man who could see replied, "No, white is a color exactly like snow."

The blind man asked, "Then it is cold, like snow, is it?"

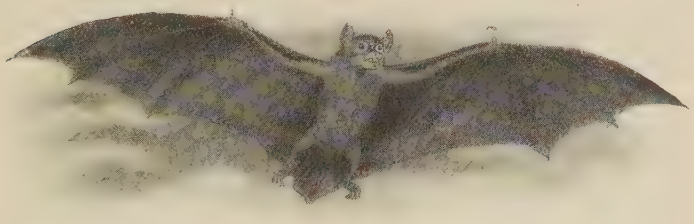
And in spite of all the comparisons which the man who could see made, still the blind man was wholly unable to comprehend what the color of milk really was.

—Lyof N. Tolstoi.

## THE BAT, THE BIRDS, AND THE BEASTS

A GREAT conflict was about to come off between the Birds and the Beasts. When the two armies were collected together, the Bat hesitated which to join.

The Birds that passed his perch said, "Come with us;" but he said, "I am a Beast."



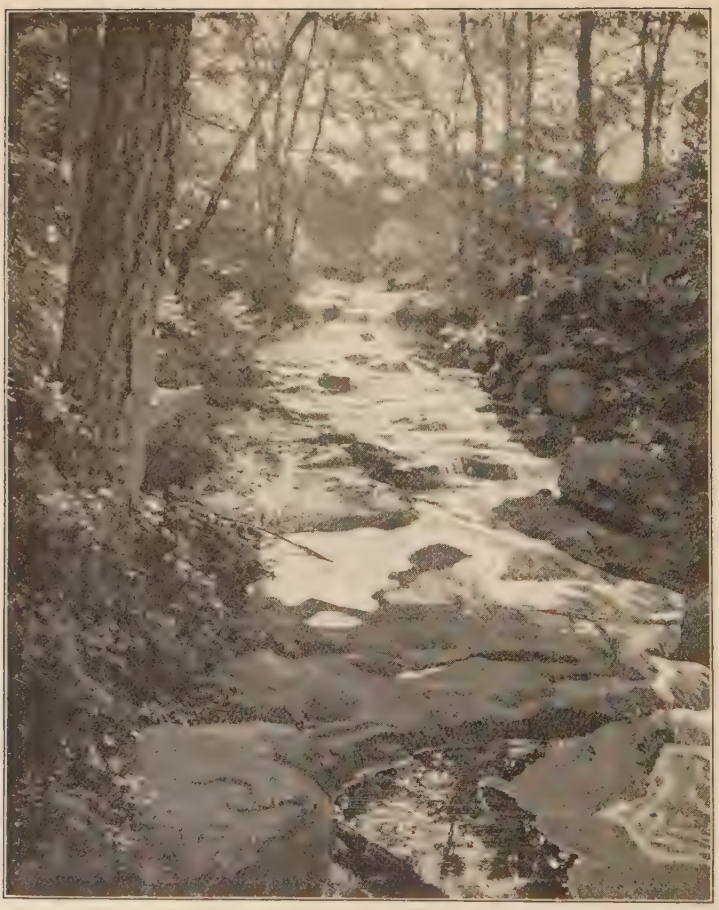
Later on, some Beasts who were passing underneath him looked up, and said, "Come with us;" but he said, "I am a Bird."

Luckily, at the last moment, peace was made, and no battle took place, so the Bat came to the Birds and wished to join in the rejoicings, but they all turned against him, and he had to fly away.

He then went to the Beasts, but soon had to beat a retreat, or else they would have torn him to pieces.

"Ah," said the Bat, "he that is neither one thing nor the other has no friends."

*From "Æsop's Fables."* —JOSEPH JACOBS.



## THE BROOK THAT WOULD NOT WAIT

THERE was once a brook among the hills who fretted because she was such a tiny stream, and who said to herself as she ran along in her rocky bed,

"Oh, if I could only get away from these walls that hold me in, I would spread myself out and be a river."

It was the birds who told her about the rivers, the birds who could fly with their light wings over the hills and see all the wonders of the world that lay beyond.

"Yes," sighed the brook, "if it were not for the rocks that hold me in this narrow place, I could be a wide, strong river, and ships would go sailing up and down my waters, and people would build great cities on my banks."

Day after day she said this to herself, and more and more she longed to slip away from the quiet hills, into the wide world where she could choose her own course and become great and famous. She could no longer be content to lie in shadowy little pools, where the speckled trout loved to swim and birds came for their morning bath.

She grew restless and unhappy, and at length, with a wild leap, she flung herself over the rock, where the hills gave a narrow opening, and had her way. Faster and faster she ran, until she had left her old haunts far behind her and had reached the level meadows where sunshine fell all day long.

Then, at last, she felt that she was free; but though the fields lay open around her, and the soft

earth yielded at the touch of her waves, she was only a tiny stream as she had been before.

"It must be because I have been shut up in the hills so long and have not learned the way of the great rivers," said the brook to herself. "But I will try, and soon I shall be as large as any."

Then she reached out on both sides with all her might, but she only grew feebler with reaching, while her tiny waves lost themselves among the grass and reeds.

"It is not so easy to be a great river," said the brook to herself. "Perhaps there is not enough of me for that. It might have been better if I had stayed among the hills."

Then she longed for the gray old rocks again and the places which had seemed to her so dull, but she knew that she could never go back. There was no way now but to go on and on.

By and by she came to a dreary place, where the sun fell fiercely upon her, as if he would drink up all her water, and the sand seemed to choke her as she crept along.

"It is of no use trying to go any farther," said the brook to herself. "I shall be lost in the sand. Oh, how foolish I was to think I could be a great river!"

Just as she said this she heard a rushing sound, and across the fields she caught the flashing of

silvery water, with a glimmer of white sails above it, like the wings of some great bird.

"Why, that must be a river," said the brook to herself. "I will go a little nearer and ask him how he grew so strong."

Then gathering all her strength, she crept on, until the broad blue current of the river spread out before her like the sky above. And she sent a ripple of sound across the sultry air, calling: —

"Oh, beautiful river, tell me how you grew so strong."

And the river answered in his rushing voice: "I stayed among the hills until my time had come. Then they opened their gates and sent me out. The little brooks lent me their strength and every day I grew. That is all I know."

The brook did not call again, but she sobbed to herself, "Perhaps if I had only waited, I might have grown great and strong, too."

Then she remembered that the river had said the little brooks lent him their strength, and forgetting herself at last, only hoping that she might be of some use to the great river, she crept on, until at last she fell, a little trickling thread into his broad full stream.

And the river, never pausing, took the bright drops in his bosom and swept onward to the sea.

*From "Two and One."* — CHARLOTTE M. VAILE.

## THE GOLD AND SILVER SHIELD

In the olden times a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, at a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, and on each side was an inscription.

It happened one day that two knights — one in black armor, the other in white — arrived at the same time, but from opposite directions, at the statue. As neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to examine the beautiful workmanship and read the inscription.

"This golden shield," said the Black Knight, after examining it for some time, — "this golden shield —"

"Golden shield!" cried the White Knight, who was as closely observing the other side; "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver."

"Eyes you have, but they see not," replied the Black Knight; "for if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one."

"Oh, yes, it is so likely that any one would expose a golden shield on the public road!" said the White Knight, with a sarcastic smile. "For my part I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way."

THE GOLD AND SILVER SHIELD.

The Black Knight could not bear the smile with which this was spoken, and the dispute grew so warm that it ended in a challenge.

The knights turned their horses, and rode back to have sufficient space; then fixing their lances in their rests, they charged at each other with the greatest fury. The shock was so violent, and the blows on each side were so heavy, that they both fell to the ground, bleeding and stunned.

In this condition a good Druid who was traveling that way found them. He was a skillful physician, and had with him a balsam of wonderful healing power. This he applied to their wounds, and when the knights had recovered their senses he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

"Why, this man," cried the Black Knight, "will have it that yonder shield is silver!"

"And he will have it that it is gold!" cried the White Knight.

"Ah," said the Druid, with a sigh, "you are both in the right, and both in the wrong. If either of you had taken time to look at both sides of the shield all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided.

"However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you. In the future, never enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

## THE WOUNDED CURLEW

By yonder sandy cove where, every day,
The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and gray
Limps patiently about;

And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
Crying, with none to heed.

But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
Sounding from sea and sky.

And then, oh, then, his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain,
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.

Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,
The shining waves they skim,
Or round his feet they seek their food and stay
As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
Brings tears of wistfulness;
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
None may his wrong redress.

Oh, bright-eyed boy! was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
With such despairing pain?

Oh, children! drop the gun, the cruel stone!
Oh, listen to my words,
And hear with me the wounded curlew moan —
Have mercy on the birds!

— Celia Thaxter.

## THE TAXGATHERER

"And pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the Bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
In her eyeglass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican Bee,
Collecting the tax
Of honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"

— John B. Tabb

## BEAUTIFUL JOE

My name is Beautiful Joe, and I am a brown dog of medium size. I am not called Beautiful Joe because I am a beauty. I know that I am not beautiful, and that I am not a thoroughbred. I am only a cur.

I am an old dog now, and am writing, or rather getting a friend to write, the story of my life.

I love my dear mistress; I can say no more than that; I love her better than any one else in the world; and I think it will please her if I write the story of a dog's life.

She loves dumb animals, and it always grieves her to see them cruelly treated. I have heard her say that if all the boys and girls in the world were to rise up and say that there should be no more cruelty to animals, they could put a stop to it. Perhaps it will help a little if I tell a story. I am fond of boys and girls, and though I have seen many cruel men and women, I have seen few cruel children. I think the more stories there are written about dumb animals, the better it will be for us.

I was born in a stable on the outskirts of a small town. The first thing I remember was lying close to my mother and being very snug and warm. The next thing I remember was being always hungry.

I am very unwilling to say much about my early

life. I have lived so long in a family where there is never a harsh word spoken, and where no one thinks of illtreating anybody or anything, that it seems almost wrong even to think or speak of such a matter as hurting a poor dumb beast.

The man that owned my mother was a milkman. He kept one horse and three cows, and he had a shaky old cart that he used to put his milk cans in. I don't think there can be a worse man in the world than that milkman. It makes me shudder now to think of him.

He used to beat and starve my mother. I have seen him use his heavy whip to punish her. When I got older I asked her why she did not run away. She said she did not wish to; but I soon found out that the reason that she did not run away was because she loved her master. Cruel and savage as he was, she yet loved him, and I believe she would have laid down her life for him.

One reason for our master's cruelty was his idleness. After he went his rounds in the morning with his milk cans, he had nothing to do till late in the afternoon but take care of his stable and yard. If he had kept them clean, it would have taken up all his time; but he never did anything to make his home neat and pleasant.

My mother and I slept on a heap of straw in the

corner of the stable, and when she heard his step in the morning she always roused me, so that we could run out as soon as he opened the stable door. He always aimed a kick at us as we passed, but my mother taught me how to dodge him.

After our master put the horse in the cart, and took in the cans, he set out on his rounds. My mother always went with him. I used to ask her why she followed such a man, and she would say that sometimes she got a bone from the different houses they stopped at. But that was not the whole reason. She liked the master so much, that in spite of his cruelty she wanted to be with him.

I had not her sweet and patient disposition, and I would not go with her. I watched her out of sight, and then ran up to the house to see if the master's wife had any scraps for me. I nearly always got something, for she pitied me, and often gave me a kind word or look with the bits of food that she threw to me.

I had a number of brothers and sisters — six in all. One rainy day when we were eight weeks old the master, followed by two or three of his ragged, dirty children, came into the stable, and looked at us. Then he began to swear because we were so ugly, and said if we had been good looking, he might have sold some of us. Mother watched him anxiously,

fearing some danger to her puppies, and looked up at him pleadingly.

It only made him swear the more. He took one puppy after another, and right there, before his children and my poor distracted mother, put an end to their lives. It was very terrible. I lay weak and trembling, expecting every instant that my turn would come next. I don't know why he spared me. I was the only one left.

My mother never seemed the same after this. She was weak and miserable. And though she was only four years old, she seemed like an old dog. She could not run after the master, and she lay on our heap of straw, only turning over with her nose the scraps of food I brought her to eat. One day she licked me gently, wagged her tail, and died.

As I sat by her, feeling lonely and miserable, my master came into the stable. I could not bear to look at him. He had killed my mother. There she lay, a little gaunt, scarred creature, starved and worried to death by him. She would never again look kindly at me, or curl up to me at night to keep me warm. Oh, how I hated her murderer!

Still I kept quiet till he walked up to me and kicked at me. My heart was nearly broken, and I could stand no more. I flew at him and gave him a savage bite on the ankle.

"Oho!" he said. "So you are going to be a fighter, are you? I'll fix you for that." He seized me by the back of the neck and carried me out to the yard where a log lay on the ground. "Tom," he called to one of his children, "bring me the hatchet!"

He laid my head on the log and pressed one hand on my struggling body. There was a quick, dreadful pain, and he had cut off my ear close to my head. Then he cut off the other ear, and turning me swiftly round, cut off my tail.

Then he let me go, and stood looking at me as I rolled on the ground and yelped in agony. He was in such a passion that he did not think that people passing on the street might hear me.

There was a young man going by. He heard my screams, and hurrying up the path stood among us before the master caught sight of him.

In the midst of my pain, I heard the young man say fiercely, "What have you been doing to that dog?"

"I've been cutting his ears, for fighting, my young gentleman," said my master; "there is no law to prevent that, is there?"

"And there is no law to prevent me from taking a dog away from such a cruel owner, either," cried the young man; and giving the master an angry look, he snatched me up in his arms, and walked down the path and out of the gate.

I was moaning with pain, but still I looked up occasionally to see which way we were going. We took the road to the town and stopped in front of a pleasant-looking home. Carrying me gently in his arms, the young man went up a walk leading to the back of the house.

There was a small stable there. He went into it and put me down on the floor. Some boys were playing about the stable, and I heard them say, in horrified tones, "Oh, Cousin Harry, what is the matter with that dog?"

"Hush," he said. "Don't say anything. You, Jack, go down to the kitchen and ask Mary for a basin of warm water and a sponge, and don't let your mother or Laura hear you."

A few minutes later the young man had bathed my ears and tail, and had rubbed something on them that was cool and pleasant, and had bandaged them firmly with strips of cotton. I felt much better and was able to look about me.

Presently one of the boys cried out, "Here is Laura." A young girl, holding up one hand to shade her eyes from the sun, was coming up the walk that led from the house to the stable. I thought then that I never had seen such a beautiful girl, and I think so still. She was tall and slender, and had lovely brown eyes and brown hair, and a sweet smile,

and just to look at her was enough to make one love her.

"Why, what a funny dog!" she said, and stopped short and looked at me. Up to this, I had not thought what a queer-looking sight I must be. Now I twisted round my head, saw the white bandage on my tail, and knowing I was not a fit spectacle for a pretty young lady like that, I slunk into a corner.

"Poor doggie, have I hurt your feelings?" she said. "What is the matter with your head, good dog?"

"Dear Laura," said the young man, coming up, "he got hurt, and I have been bandaging him."

"Who hurt him?"

"I would rather not tell you."

"But I wish to know." Her voice was as gentle as ever, but she spoke so decidedly that the young man was obliged to tell her everything. All the time he was speaking she kept touching me gently with her fingers. When he had finished his account of rescuing me from the master, she said quietly: —

"You will have the man punished?"

"What is the use? That won't stop him from being cruel."

"It will put a check on his cruelty."

"I don't think it would do any good," said the young man.

"Cousin Harry!" and the young girl stood up very straight and tall, her brown eyes flashing, and one hand pointing at me; "that animal has been wronged, it looks to you to right it. The coward who has maimed it for life should be punished. A child has a voice to tell its wrong — a poor, dumb creature must suffer in silence; in bitter, bitter silence. And you are doing the man himself an injustice. If he is bad enough to illtreat his dog, he will illtreat his wife and children. If he is checked and punished now for his cruelty, he may reform. And even if his wicked heart is not changed, he will be obliged to treat them with outward kindness through fear of punishment. I want you to report that man immediately. I will go with you if you like."

"Very well," he said, and together they went off to the house.

The boys came and bent over me, as I lay on the floor in the corner. I wasn't much used to boys, and I didn't know how they would treat me. It seemed very strange to have them pat me, and call me "good dog." No one had ever said that to me before to-day.

One of them said, "What did Cousin Harry say the dog's name was?"

"Joe," answered another boy.

"We might call him 'Ugly Joe,' then," said a lad with a round fat face and laughing eyes.

"I don't think Laura would like that," said Jack, coming up behind him. "You see," he went on, "if you call him 'Ugly Joe,' she will say that you are wounding the dog's feelings. 'Beautiful Joe,' would be more to her liking."

A shout went up from the boys. I don't wonder they laughed. Plain looking I naturally was; but I must have been hideous in those bandages.

"'Beautiful,' then, let it be," they cried. "Let us go and tell mother, and ask her to give us something for our beauty to eat," and they all trooped out of the stable.

— MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

*From "Beautiful Joe."*

## TO MY DOG BLANCO

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street,

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned,
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around,
For that one heart which leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you!

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers, bold.

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel;
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast —
The while you whine and lick my hand —
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah! Blanco, did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility:

Did I sit fondly at His feet
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine!

—J. G. Holland.

## FERN SONG

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

—John B. Tabb.

## JACKANAPES

Two donkeys and the geese lived on the Green, and all other residents of any social standing lived in houses round it. The houses had no names. Everybody's address was "The Green," but the postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived.

Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival. First of all, carts and caravans were rumbling up all along, day and night. Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed, and could hardly sleep for thinking what booths and whirligigs he should find when he and his dog Spitfire went out after breakfast.

The gray goose always ran away at the first approach of the caravans, and never came back to the Green until nothing was left of the Fair but footmarks and oyster shells.

Grass soon grows over footprints, and the village children took the oyster shells to trim their gardens with, but one year there lingered another relic of the Fair time in which Jackanapes was deeply interested.

"The Green" was only part of a straggling common where gypsies sometimes camped, especially after the annual Fair. And it was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked

over by the gypsy's son riding the gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the Common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse, except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the fine little gentleman, you rascal?" screamed the gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He *would* get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut." But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony, and oh! the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood.

Suddenly the gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round turned the pony so quickly that Jackanapes had to cling to his neck, and he did not recover himself until Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No, my father's." And the gypsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the Common. This time he saw the gypsy father.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He is a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again.

A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She was much agitated as she told him his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit.

"You are a good boy, Jackanapes," said Miss Jessamine, "I can tell your grandfather that; an obedient boy, an honorable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are — in short, you *are* a boy, Jackanapes, and I hope that the General knows that boys will be boys."

What mischief could be foreseen Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep his hair smooth, not to burst in at the parlor door, and not to talk at the top of his voice.

He must sit quiet during the Sunday sermon, be sure to say "Sir" to the General, and be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door mat.

The General arrived, and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes's hair was as wild as usual. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him as he did with the postman.

All that the General felt it would take too long to tell, but the result was the same. He was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"Pretty place this," he said, looking out of the window on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset, and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow hair, and leaning back in the armchair in which he sat.

"A fine time that?" said the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

Jackanapes shook his hair. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said, "I had so much money."

"It's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had you?"

"I had two shillings. A new shilling Aunty gave me, and eleven pence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman, — sir," added Jackanapes, with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And now I suppose you've not got a penny in your pocket?" said the General.

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes, "two pennies. They are saving up," and Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at Fair time, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his head.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't; borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen and — what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and ten pence is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"Bless my soul! what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse. But he's a racer, and the gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No — o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did, did you? Well, I'm fond of riding myself, and if the pony is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morn-

ing. Glad you mentioned it, grandson, glad you mentioned it."

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes, and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group. The General talked to the gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman —"

"I can make him go," said Jackanapes, and drawing from his pocket a trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes's hat. His golden hair blew out, and his cheeks shone red. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race,

and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the cocks, and the hens.

JACKANAPES AND LOLLO.

The gray goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the gypsy. "You were born to the saddle. You've the

flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light, caressing hand. All you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What is that fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in two armchairs, the General watching fondly every line of his grandson's face.

"You must love your Aunt very much, Jackanapes," said the General.

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your Aunt?"

Jackanapes answered quite readily: —

"The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up, I want to be a soldier, too."

"So you shall, my boy. So you shall."

"Thank you, grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she want you to get into a feather bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. Do you think my father knew the gypsy's secret? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

"Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! Love me a little, too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes. "Before you came I was frightened. I had no notion you were so nice."

"Love me always, boy, whatever I do or leave undone; and whatever you do or leave undone, I'll love you. There shall never be a cloud between us for a day; no, sir, not for an hour. We're imperfect enough, all of us; we needn't be bitter: and life is uncertain enough at its safest; we needn't waste its opportunities."

"I will love you very much," said Jackanapes, "and I will try to be very good. But I should like to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy, you shall. If you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die for your country — it can but break for you." And the old man got up and strode out on the Green.

— Juliana Horatia Ewing.

*From "Jackanapes."*

## THE FAULT-FINDING FAIRY

THERE was once a Fairy who had a bad habit of finding fault with other people. One day, as she was flying about in a meadow, she saw a fine young Skylark sitting in the long grass and looking very unhappy.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the Fairy.

"I want to build a nest," replied the bird, "and I am unhappy because I have no mate."

"Why don't you look for a mate, then?" asked the Fairy. "Fly up and sing a beautiful song in the air, and then perhaps some pretty brown bird will hear you, and consent to be your mate."

"I am ashamed of my long claws," answered the Skylark. "My spurs are long enough to frighten any one, and yet I am not a cruel bird. Can you not help me, Fairy?" he asked, as he lifted one of his feet.

"Your claws do look very fierce," said the Fairy. "Are you sure you never use them to fight with?"

"No, never," said the Skylark, earnestly; "I never fought a battle in my life, yet these claws grow longer and longer."

"I am sorry for you," observed the Fairy. "But I am sure you must be a very quarrelsome bird, or you would not have such long spurs. Appearances are very much against you. No, I cannot help you. Good morning," and the unkind Fairy flew away.

A Grasshopper, who had heard what the Fairy said, came chirping up to comfort the Skylark.

"I have known you for a long time," she said, "and I have never seen you quarrel or fight. I will tell every one that you are a good-natured bird. At the same time," she continued, "I wish you would tell me the use of those long claws."

"Dear Grasshopper, I cannot imagine what they are for — that is the real truth."

"Perhaps time will show," answered the kind Grasshopper.

The Skylark, delighted with the Grasshopper's promise to speak well of him, flew up into the air, and the higher he went the sweeter and louder he sang. He poured forth such delightful notes, that a pretty brown Lark peeped out from the tall grass

and exclaimed, "I never heard such a beautiful song in my life — never!"

"It was sung by my friend the Skylark," said the Grasshopper, who happened to be near by. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he is seeking for a mate."

"Hush!" said the brown Lark. "I want to hear all of that wonderful song." For just then the Skylark, far up in the blue heaven, burst forth in song, and sang so well that every creature in the field sat still to listen.

At length the Skylark came down with tired wing, and the Grasshopper and the Lark told him how much his song had pleased them. The Skylark thought he had never before seen such a pretty bird as the little brown Lark, and he asked her to forget his long spurs and be his mate.

"I do not mind your spurs," the brown Lark said.

"I am very glad of that," answered the Skylark. "I was afraid you would dislike them."

"Not at all," she replied. "On the contrary, I should not wish you to have short claws like other birds, but I cannot say why, as they seem to be of no use to you."

This was very pleasing to the Skylark, and he sang such delightful songs that he soon won her for his mate. They built a charming little nest in the

grass, and the Skylark was so happy, that he almost forgot about his long spurs.

The Fairy, meanwhile, flew about from field to field, but she seldom went anywhere without saying something unkind or ill-natured. One afternoon she came back to the meadow, and there she saw the Skylark's friend again.

"How do you do, Grasshopper?" asked the Fairy.

"Thank you, I am very well and very happy," said the Grasshopper, "people are always kind to me."

"Indeed," replied the Fairy. "I wish that they were always kind to me. How is the quarrelsome Skylark, who found such a pretty mate the other day?"

"He is not a quarrelsome bird," replied the Grasshopper.

"We need not dispute about that," said the Fairy. "I have seen the world, Grasshopper, and I know that your friend does not wear those long spurs for nothing."

"Suppose you come and see the eggs that our Skylark's mate has in her nest," said the Grasshopper, not wishing to quarrel with the Fairy. "I am sure she will show them to you with pleasure."

Off they went together, but what was their surprise to find the poor little brown Lark sitting on her nest with rumpled feathers and drooping head.

"Ah, my pretty eggs!" said the Lark, "I am so unhappy about them — they surely will be trodden on; they will certainly be found."

"What is the matter?" asked the Grasshopper. "Perhaps we can help you."

"Dear Grasshopper," said the Lark, "I have just heard the farmer say to his son that to-morrow he will begin to cut the grass in the meadow."

"That is a great pity!" exclaimed the Grasshopper. "Oh, why did you lay your eggs on the ground?"

"Larks always do," said the poor bird. "Oh, my pretty eggs! I shall never hear my nestlings chirp."

Thus the poor Lark moaned and neither the Grasshopper nor the Fairy could do anything to help her. At last the Skylark dropped down from the cloud where he had been singing, and when he saw his sorrowing mate he asked in great fright why she was so distressed.

She told him and he was very much grieved, but presently he lifted first one of his feet and then the other and examined his long spurs.

"He does not seem to be very sorry for his poor mate," whispered the Fairy to the Grasshopper.

"Oh, if I had only laid my eggs in the wheat beyond the hedge," said the brown Lark, "there would have been time to rear my young birds before harvest."

"My dear," answered her mate, "don't be unhappy." With these words he hopped to the nest, and laying his foot upon the prettiest egg, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange as it may seem the egg exactly fitted them.

"My clever mate," cried the poor little mother, "do you think you can carry them away?"

"To be sure I can," replied the Skylark, hopping carefully along with one of the eggs clasped in his foot. He hopped gently to the hedge, and soon passed through into the wheat field. There he laid down the egg in a hollow and then came back for another.

"Hurrah!" cried the Grasshopper, "Larkspurs forever!"

When the happy Skylark had carried all of his eggs to a safe place, he soared up into the sky again, exulting and rejoicing because he had learned that his long spurs were of some use.

The Fairy felt heartily ashamed of herself and stole gently away, saying, "Well, I could not have believed such a thing. I thought he must be a quarrelsome bird as his spurs are so long; but I was wrong, after all."

—Jean Ingelow.

*From "Stories for Children."*

## PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shalt inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;

Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

— Lucy Larcom.

## THE JOURNEY

I

Oh, green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

II

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud:
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

III

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill;
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

IV

Oh, such be Life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven!

— Reginald Heber.

# APPENDIX

## PRONOUNCING KEY AND WORD LIST

THE following key to the pronunciation of words is in accordance with Webster's International Dictionary. Silent letters are printed in italics; obscure vowels are not marked.

The list includes the more difficult words of the lessons in this book not listed in the lower numbers of the series.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ā | māte | ī | pīne | u̇ | rude | ow | cow |
| ă | măt | ĭ | pĭn | u̇ | full | c | can |
| ä | jär | ī | sīr | u̇ | unite | ç | çent |
| a̤ | ball | i̇ | idea | û | fûr | g | get |
| â | âir | ō | nōte | ȳ | mȳ | ġ | ġem |
| å | åsk | ŏ | nŏt | y̆ | cityˇ | s | so |
| å | prefåce | o̤ | do̤ | o͞o | mo͞on | ş | aş |
| ē | mē | ô | ôr | o͝o | fo͝ot | ch | chair |
| ĕ | mĕt | o̊ | o̊bey | oi | oil | eh | school |
| e͠ | he͠r | ū | ūse | oy | toy | th | thin |
| e̊ | e̊vent | ŭ | ŭs | ou | out | th | the |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| a̤=ŏ | what | o̤=o͞o | mo̤ve | -tion = shŭn | |
| ã=ẽ | cel lãr | o̊=ŭ | so̊n | -sion = shŭn | |
| ê=â | thêre | o͠=e͠ | sailo͠r | -şion = zhŭn | |
| e͟=ā | the͟y | ô=a̤ | ôr | -tient = shĕnt | |
| i͟=ẽ | bi͟rd | o̤=o͝o | wo̤lf | -cious = shŭs | |
| i̇=ē | polı̇ce | n͟=ng | i͟nk | -tious = shŭs | |

ăb′sĕnt
å bŭn′dant
å cā′çī å
ăc quāint′ed
ăc′tū al lў
å cūte′lў
ăd mĭ rā′tion
ăf fĕc′tion åte
ăg′ĭ tāt ed
*aĭsle*ş
Ălps
å māzed′
ăm′ē thўst
ăn′çĕs tŏr
å nĕm′ŏ nē
å nŏn′
ăn′tē lōpe
ăn′them
ăn̲x ī′ē tў
ănx′ious
ăp prē′çī åte
ăp prōach′ing
ăp prọv′al
ăreh′ĭ tĕc tūre
ăr rāngė′
ăr rĕst′ed
ăs çĕnt′
ăs tŏn′ĭsh ment
ăt′tĭ tūde
Ạu strā′lĭ an
ạu′tŏ grăph
å void′
bạsh′el
bŏm′ble bee
bŏm′bṣ̌el
bŏn′ĭ tў
bŏn′nĕt
bŏn′ẽ
bŏn′ẽ fīt
Bŏr gĕt′tà
bŏ stōw′
Bō′vĭs
bŏ gu*ī*led′
bŏ wĭl′dẽred
bī′çў cle
Blăn′cō
Bọer
bŏnd′man
Bôs′ton
brà vā′dŏ
brạwn′ў
breez′ў
bri*ē*f′lў
brĭl′lĭant
Brĭt′ĭsh
Brụ′nō
Bŭr′ĭed (*bĕr-*)
Căn′à dà
căn′ŏ pў
căp′ĭ tal
căp′tĭve
căt′kĭn
cạu′tion
căv′ẽrn
çē*ase*′less
çĕn′sẽrş
chăl′lĕnġe
chām′bẽr la*ĭ*n
chăn′nel
cheer′ĭ lў
chĭck′à dee
chĭş′el
*eh*ŏr′ĭs tẽr
çĭr′cŭm stănçe
clĭn̲′kled
clĕv′ẽr ness
clŏş′et
clŭm′şў
cŭck′o͝o
cụck′o͝o
cûr′lew
cụsh′ĭon
cŭt′lass
cŏm pärt′ment
cŏm plāin′
cŏm pŏ şĭ′tion
cŏm prė̆ hĕnd′
cŏn′çẽrt
cŏn fĕssed′
cŏn′fĭ dĕnt lў
cŏn′flĭct
cŏn̲′quẽr
cŏn′scĭençe
cŏn tāin′
cŏn′trå rў
cŏn′vẽr så′tion
cŏn vẽrse′
cŏr′al
cŏr rĕct′lў
co*û*r′tė o*ŭ*s
cō*ur*t′ĭẽr
cow′slĭp
crăn′nĭeş
crĭn̲′kled
crĭp′ple
crōak′ing
crō′cŭs
crō*w*′fo͝ot′
cụck′o͝o
cûr′lew
cụsh′ĭon
cŭt′lass

Dăf′fy down
dĭl′lў
dĕalt
dė çēit′fụl
dė cīd′ed
dė lĭv′ẽr ẽr
dė mūre′
dė pär′tūre
dė prīve′
dė scĕnd′ed
dĕş şẽrt′
dė vour′
dĭl′ĭ ġĕnçe
dĭl′ĭ ġent
dĭ mĭn′ū tĭve
dĭs å gree′å ble
dĭs ăp prọv′al
dĭs hŏn′ĕst
dĭş′mal
dĭs māy′
dĭs pŏ şĭ′tion
dĭs pūte′
dĭs tûrb′
dĭ vīne′
dŏ mĕs′tĭc
drīve′ wāy
Drụ′ĭd
Dŭm′lĭng
dŭn′ġeon
dū′tĭ fụl

ēa′gẽr lў
ēaveş
ĕeh′ō ing
Ĕf′fĭe
Ē′ġўpt
ė lĕct′
ĕl′ė vā′tion
ĕm broid′ẽr
ĕm′pẽr ŏr
ĕn chănt′ed
ĕn dūre′
ĕn thū′ sĭ ăsm
ĕn tīçed′
ĕn′ vĭ oŭs
ė rĕct′
ė vĕnt′
ĕx cûr′sion
ĕx pĕl′
ĕx pē′rĭ ĕnçe
ĕx pound′

fāith′fụl
få mĭl′ĭăr
făm′ĭne
fĕs′tal
fĕs′tĭ val
fĭl′ĭal
flĕdge′lĭng
foun dā′tion

Frănk′lĭn
frĕs′cōeş
frĭnġed
fụl fĭll′
fụll′nĕss
fŭr′rŏw

gär′land
gäunt
ġĕn′ẽr al
ġĕn′tian
ġė rā′nĭ ŭm
ġĕs′tūreş
glĭs′tened
glō′rĭ oŭs
gŏb′lĭn
gôr′ġeoŭs
gŏs′sĭp
grā′çĭoŭs
grăn′deŭr
griēved
ġўp′sў

hăb′ĭ tūde
hăm′pẽred
Hăn′nah
Här mō′nĭ ŭs

hā′tred
hăz′ărd
heärt′ĭ lў

Heī′dĭ
hêir
hĕlp′fụl
hĕr′ald
Hĕrr
hĕş′ĭ tāte
hĭd′ė oŭs
hĭl′lŏck
hŏm′åġe
hŏm′ĭ nў
hŏn′ŏr
hŏr′rĭ fied
Hŏt′ten tŏt
Hūgh
hū mĭl′ĭ tў
hŭş′band
hў ē′nå

ī′çĭ cleş
ĭm′åġe
Ĭm môr′tal
ĭm pẽr′fĕct
ĭm′pū dĕnt
ĭn crēase′
In′dĭ an
ĭn ġēn′ĭoŭs
ĭn ĭ′tial
ĭn′nŏ çĕnt
ĭn scrĭp′tion
ĭn′sĕct

ĭn stĕ*ad*′ mā*i*ze nät′ŭ ral ĭst pĭn′ĭons
ĭn tĕl′lĭ ġĕnçe mär′tĭn n*au*gh′tў plē*a*s′ūre
ĭn tĕnt′lў mär′vel new′lў plūm′ăġe
ĭn′tẽr valş Mā tē′rĭ alş Nīl*e* Plўm′*ou*th
ĭn′tĭ mā*t*e lў Măt sū yä′mȧ pō lī*t*e′
ĭn′vȧ līd mē*a*n′tīm*e* ȯ bē′dĭ ent pōr′tẽr
ĭn vĕs′tĭ gā*t*e mĕd′al ŏc cā′şion pōst′ăġe
Ĭ tăl′ian mĕd′ĭ çĭn*e* ŏf fĕns*e*′ poul′trў
ī′vȯ rў mĕd′ĭ tā*t*e ŏf′fĭ çẽr pow′ẽr fụl
mē′dĭ ŭm ŏf fĭ′çial prē çīs*e*′lў
jăck′a̤l mĕl′an *e*hŏl ў ŏp pŏr tū′ nĭ tў prē cĭ′şion
Jăck′ȧ nāpes mēr*e*′lў ŏp pōş*e*′ prĕş′ençe
Jā′mĭ*e* mĭl′ĭ tā rў ôr′*e*hĕs trȧ prē şẽrv*e*′
jä*u*nt mĭn′strĕl ŏs′trĭch prē şīd*e*′
Jĕs′sȧ mĭn*e* mĭr′rŏr out′skĭrts prē vā*i*l′ing
Jĕs′sē mĭs′chĭ*e*f ō′vẽr hĕ*ad*′ prĭm′rōş*e*
jĭn̲′gled mĭş′ẽr ȧ bl*e* prŏc lȧ mā′tion
jūı̈ç*e* mĭs fôr′tūn*e* păn tȧ lo͞ons′ prŏd′ĭ gal
moil păr′don prŏp′ẽr tў
Krä*a*l mȯ lĕst′ pẽ*a*rl prŏs′pẽr
mō′mĕn tȧ̆ rў pĕ*a*s′ant prọv*e*
lăn̲′guăġ*e* mŏn′ärе*h* pĕn′çĭled pŭb′lĭ can
lī′lăc mŏn′stẽr pẽr fôrm′ançe
lĭv*e*′lŏng Mȯ zärt′ pẽr fūm*e*′ quär′rel sȯm*e*
lŏb′stẽr mŭ şē′ŭm pẽr mĭs′sion quōth
Lŏl′lŏ mū şĭ′çian pẽr şĭst′ed
Lŭck′ĭ lў mŭs′kĕt pew′tẽr răm′ble
lŭl′lȧ bў mўr′tl*e* phў şĭ′çian răp′tŭr*e*
pĭck′ẽr ĕl răs′cal
māimed Nȧ pō′lē ȯn pī′ē tў rĕ*a*lm

rĕ flĕc′tion
rĕġ′ĭ mĕnt
rē′ġi̇on
rė hē*ar*s′al
rė lĕnt′less
rė māi̇n′
rĕm′ė dў
rĕṣ ō lū′tion
rēs′pĭte
rė spŏns*e*′
rĕ trē*at*′ed
rē vĕnġ*e*′
rĕv′ẽr ençe
rė vĭew′
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# NOTES

**Page 9. Daffydowndilly and Mr. Toil.** Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most gifted of American authors, was born in Massachusetts in 1804; died in 1864. His English prose is a model for all writers, because it is simple, clear, beautiful, and full of interest. The many delightful stories which Hawthorne has written for children are found in "Tanglewood Tales," "A Wonder Book," "Grandfather's Chair," and "Biographical Stories." Among his most famous works are "The Marble Faun," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House of the Seven Gables."

*Daffydowndilly.* The poet Spenser uses this word for daffodil, a flower of the genus Narcissus. See the "Story of Narcissus," in the Fourth Reader, page 87. — *singular:* remarkable. — *precisely:* exactly. — *approval:* praise, commendation.

**20.** John Greenleaf Whittier (born in Massachusetts in 1807; died in 1892) is often called the *Quaker* poet of New England. His poems are distinguished for their excellence and high moral character. Among the best and most popular are "Snow-Bound," "Maud Muller," "Barbara Frietchie," and "In School Days."

**23. The Barefoot Boy.** This also is one of Mr. Whittier's most pleasing poems. — *jäun'tȳ:* airy. — *hăb'ĭtūde:* habits; accustomed ways. — *one brief moon:* one short month. — *rē'gal:* kingly. — *ôr'chĕs-trȧ:* a band of musicians. — *baptisms of the dew:* bathed with dew. — *mills of toil:* places of labor. — *moil:* drudgery. — *sands of sin:* temptations to evil.

**30. Heidi and her Grandfather.** — *Heĭ'dĭ.* — *jut'tĭng:* pointing outward; projecting. — *gōat'hĕrd:* one who takes care of goats, driving them to and from the pasture, and remaining with them through the day. The stories of Heidi are translated from a book of the same name. The author, Johanna Spyri, a native of Switzerland, is a popular writer of children's books.

**39. Bruno.** Jacob Abbott, born in Maine, 1803; died, 1879. An American author and educator. He wrote many excellent books for young people. Those best known are the "Rollo Books," the "Lucy Books," and the "Jonas Books."

**42. Bergetta's Misfortunes.** Celia Thaxter was the author of several delightful stories and poems both for children and for grown-up people. She was born in New Hampshire, 1835; died, 1894. Among her best books are "Driftweed" (poetry) and "Among the Isles of Shoals."

**46.** Emily Dickinson, a New England poet, was born in Massachusetts, 1830; died, 1886.

Felicia D. Hemans (hĕm'anz) was a popular English poet; born, 1793; died, 1835.

**48. A Story of Old Egypt.** This story is adapted from the Book of Genesis. — *Land of the Nile:* Egypt, a country of northern Africa watered by the Nile River. — *bŏnd'mĕn:* slaves. — *pĭtch:* a substance like tar used for making ships and boats watertight.

**52. Hugh John Smith becomes a Soldier.** — *review of soldiers:* inspection of troops by a high officer. — *rĕg'ĭ mĕnt:* a body of soldiers, usually ten companies or about one thousand men. — *sa lute':* a token of respect and honor. S. R. Crockett, the author of "Sir Toady Lion," and several other popular novels, was born in Ireland, 1860.

**60. The Three Minstrels.** — *hĕr'aldz:* message bearers. — *cŏt:* a small cottage or hut. — *gŏb'lĭnz:* evil or mischievous elves.

**65. The Boy Musician.** Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg, Austria, 1756; died at Vienna, 1791. — *ġēn'ius:* uncommon powers of mind; talent. — *cŏm pō si'tion:* a musical production. — *Vī ĕn'nà:* the capital of Austria.

**70. Ben Franklin and the Wharf.** Benjamin Franklin was one of the greatest of American statesmen and philosophers. He was born in Boston, 1706; died in Philadelphia, 1790. — *sēa'gŭll:* a long-winged sea bird. — *wharf:* a platform where ships are unloaded.

**78. The Fox in the Well.** John T. Trowbridge, the author of this selection, was the writer of many delightful books for boys. He was born in New York, 1827.

**85. The Landing of the Pilgrims.** This poem relates to the historic landing at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620. See above, for note on Mrs. Hemans.

**87. Sir Bevis and his Friends.** Richard Jefferies (jĕf'rĭz) was the writer of some pleasant books on outdoor subjects. He was born

in England, 1848; died, 1887. This story is selected from a volume entitled "Wood Magic."

**99. The May Queen.** This poem refers to a custom once very popular in England. On the first day of May the young people rose early to adorn their homes and the Maypole on the village green with flowers. The most beautiful girl of the village was chosen queen, and the day was spent in dancing around the Maypole and in other amusements.

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892). A poet laureate of England and one of the great poets of the world. His poetry is noted for its melody and perfection of form. He wrote the "Idylls of the King," "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "The Brook," and many other popular poems.

**101. The Book of Nature.** Sir Archibald Geikie (gē′kē), the author of this selection, is a famous Scottish geologist and writer on scientific subjects. He was born at Edinburgh, 1835.

**109. The Boyhood of Ulysses S. Grant.** — *clăn:* a number of related families, bearing the same name and united under a chieftain. — *Rĕv ŏ lū′tion:* the war by which the United States secured independence. — *Cĭn cĭn nă′tĭ:* a city in the southwestern part of Ohio. — *Căn′ă dà:* a country of North America north of the United States. — *American eagle:* the emblem of the United States. — *the British lion:* the emblem of Great Britain.

**119. Indian Corn.** This selection was written by Edward Eggleston, the author of several books on American history. He was born in Indiana, 1837; died, 1902.

**122. The Waste Collector.** — *au′to graph:* a person's own handwriting. — *mĕm ŏ răn′dŭm:* notes or note book.

**134. Two Heroes.** — *Boer* (bo͝or): a name applied to an inhabitant of South Africa of Dutch descent. Elihu Burritt, the author of this selection, was a noted lecturer and writer on peace, and was known as the "Learned Blacksmith." He was born in Connecticut, 1811; died, 1879.

**145. Spring is Coming.** Mary Howitt (1804–1888), an English writer of prose and poetry, chiefly for young people.

**146. Spring has Come.** Barry Cornwall was the pen name of Bryan Waller Procter; born at London, 1787; died there, 1874.

**148. March.** William Wordsworth, a famous English poet; born, 1770; died, 1850. — *anon . . . anon:* "soon . . . soon."

**149. The Birds and I.** This selection was written by Liberty H. Bailey, director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University, and author of many works on outdoor subjects. He was born in Michigan, 1858.

**156. The Baltimore Oriole.** Olive Thorne Miller, who was born in New York, 1831, has written numerous magazine articles and books on birds.

**160. The Little Brown Wren.** Clinton Scollard, professor of English literature in Hamilton College, was born in New York, 1860. He has written several books of poetry.

**162. The Ship of Fancy.** Gabriel Setoun is the pen name of Thomas N. Hepburn, a Scottish educator and writer of children's verses. He was born in Fifeshire, 1861.

**163. The Squirrel and the Wolf.** Lyof N. Tolstoi, a famous Russian writer and reformer, was born in Tula, Russia, 1828.

**172. Brother Goat and Brother Rabbit.** This story was originally derived from an African folklore tale, and has been variously related by different writers. The present version is a translation from the French of Frederick Ortoli.

**180. Jack in the Pulpit.** — *Jack in the pulpit:* a bulbous-rooted plant, often called Indian turnip. — *sûr'plĭçe:* a garment worn by the clergy of certain churches. — *gôr'jeoŭs:* splendid; showy. — *chŏr'ĭs-tẽr:* one who leads a choir. — *lȳre:* a musical instrument.

**183. At Close Quarters with a Lion.** — *Hottentot:* one of a race of black people in South Africa. — *Orange River Territory:* a region bordering the Orange River in South Africa. Robert Cochrane, an English writer, author of works chiefly on antiquarian subjects, was born in Ireland, 1844.

**192. The Letter "H."** This selection is valuable as a literary curiosity. Observe the ingenious use of words containing the letter "h."

**207. The Wounded Curlew.** See above for note on Celia Thaxter. — *curlew:* a wading bird, remarkable for its long, curved beak. — *sandpipers:* small birds found along the seashore.

**208. The Taxgatherer.** — *quoth:* said. — *publican:* a receiver of

taxes — John B. Tabb, a Catholic clergyman and educator, was born in Maryland, 1845. He is the writer of many beautiful short poems.

**209. Beautiful Joe.** Margaret Marshall Saunders was born in Nova Scotia, 1861. Her story of "Beautiful Joe" was awarded a prize of $200 by the American Humane Society.

**219. My Dog Blanco.** Josiah Gilbert Holland, editor, poet, and novelist, was born in Massachusetts, 1819; died in New York, 1881. He was the first editor of the *Century Magazine.*

**220. Jackanapes.** This story is abridged from a small volume of the same title. Juliana Horatia Ewing was an English writer of children's stories.

**230. The Fault-finding Fairy.** Jean Ingelow, an English poet and novelist, was born in 1830; died, 1897. Her most famous poem is "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire."

**238. The Journey.** Reginald Heber, bishop of Calcutta, an English prelate and poet; born in Cheshire, England, 1783; died in India, 1826. Some of the most popular hymns in our language were composed by him.

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